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Marines at Blanc Mont

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE SECOND AMERICAN DIVISION

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Captain, U. S. Marine Corps; Author of "Fix Bayonets!—the Charge at Soissons"

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR, SOME OF WHICH WERE DRAWN ON THE FIELD IN THE CHAMPAGNE ACTION

The taking of Blanc Mont is the greatest single achievement of the 1918 campaign—the Battle of Liberation.—MARSHAL PÉTAIN.

THE battalion groped its way through the wet darkness to a wood of scrubby pines, and lay down in the slow autumn rain. North and east the guns made a wall of sound; flashes from hidden batteries and flares sent up from nervous front-line trenches lighted the low clouds; occasional shells from the Boche heavies whined overhead, searching the transport lines to the rear. It lacked an hour yet until dawn, and the companies disposed themselves in the mud and slept. They had learned to get all the sleep they could before battle.

A few days before, this battalion, the first of the 5th Regiment of Marines, a unit of the Second Division, had pulled out of a pleasant town below Toul, in the area where the division rested after the Saint-Mihiel drive, and had come north a day and a night by train, to Chalons-sur-Marne. Thence, by night marches, the division had gathered in certain bleak and war-worn areas behind the Champagne front, and here general orders announced that the Second was detached from the American forces and lent by the Generalissimo as a special reserve to Gouraud's Fourth French Army.

Forthwith arose gossip about General Gouraud, the one-armed and able defender of Rheims, who had broken the German offensive in July. "A big bird with a beak of a nose and one of these here square beards on 'im—holds hisself straighter than the run of Frog generals," confided a motorcycle driver from division headquarters. "Seen him in Chalawns. They say he fights."

"Yeh, ole Foch has picked the right babies this time," observed the files complacently. "Special reserve—that's us all over, Mable! Hope they keep us in reserve—but we know they won't! The Frogs have got something nasty they want us to get outa the way for them. An' we see Chasser d'Alpinos and Colonials around here. Somethin' distressin' is just bound to happen."

"Roll your packs, you birds! The lootenant passed the word we're goin' up in camions to-night!"

A camion is a motor-truck of incredible roughness into which thirty-odd men are somehow crammed. They are used when troops are needed most urgently in the line. They always mean a fight.

The battalion got aboard in its turn, just as dusk deepened into dark, rode until the camion train stopped, and marched through the rain to its appointed place.

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I

THE dawn came very reluctantly through the clouds, bringing no sun with it, although the drizzle stopped. The battalion rose from its soggy blankets, kneading stiffened muscles to restore circulation, and gathered in disconsolate shivering groups around the galleys. These had come up in the night, and from them, standing under the dripping pines, came a promising smell of hot coffee. Something hot was the main consideration in life just now. But the fires were feeble, and something hot was long in coming. The cooks swore because dry wood couldn't be found, and wet wood couldn't be risked, because it would draw shell-fire. The men swore at the weather and the slowness of the kitchen force, and the war in general, and they all growled together.

"Quite right — entirely fitting and proper!" said the second-in-command of the 49th Company, coming up to where his captain gloomed beside the galley. "We wouldn't know what to do with Marines who didn't growl. But, El Capitan, if you'll go over to that ditch yonder, you'll find some Frog artillerymen with a lovely cooking-fire. They gave me hot coffee with much rum in it. A great people, the Frogs—" But the captain was already gone, and the second-in-command, who was a lean first lieutenant in a mouse-colored raincoat, had to run to catch up with him.

They returned in time to see their company and the other companies of the battalion lining up for chow. This matter being disposed of, the men cast incurious eyes about them.

The French artillerymen called the place "the Wood of the Seven Pigeons." There were no pigeons here now. Only hidden batteries of 105s, with their blue-clad attendants huddled in shelters around them. The wood was a sparse growth of scrubby pines that persisted somehow on the long slope of one of the low hills of Suippes, in the sinister Champagne country. Many of the pines were blackened and torn by shellfire, and the chalky soil was pockmarked with shell craters from Boche counter-battery work, searching for the French guns camouflaged there. Trenches zigzagged through the pines, old and new, with belts of rusty wire. There were graves.

North from the edge of the pines the battalion looked out on desolation where the once grassy, rolling slopes of the Champagne stretched away like a great white sea that had been dead and accursed through all time. Near at hand was Souain, a town of the dead, a shattered skeleton of a place, with shells breaking over it. Beyond and northward was Somme-Py, nearly blotted out by four years of war. From there to the horizon, east and west and north and south, was all a stricken land. The rich top-soil that formerly made the Champagne one

"Lordy, ain't we ever goin' to get outa this dam' place an' get at 'em—?"—Page. 233.

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The hush still hung around them as they moved out of the flat and began to ascend the long gray slope ahead.—Page 237.

of the fat provinces of France, was gone, blown away and buried under by four years of incessant shellfire. Areas that had been forested showed only blackened, branchless stumps, upthrust through the churned earth. What was left was naked, leprous chalk. It was a wilderness of craters, large and small, wherein no yard of earth lay untouched. Interminable mazes of trench work threaded this waste, discernible from a distance by the belts of rusty wire entanglements that stood before them. Of the great national highway that had once marched across the Champagne between rows of stately poplars, no vestige remained.

"So this, Slover, is the Champagne," said the second-in-command to one of his non-coms who stood beside him. The sergeant spat. "It looks like hell, sir!" he said.

The lieutenant strolled over to where a French staff captain stood with a knot of officers in the edge of the pines, pointing out features of this extended field, made memorable by bitter fighting.

"Since 1914 we have fought hard here," he was saying. "Oh, the French know this Champagne well, and the Boche knows it too. Yonder"—he pointed to the southwest—"is the Butte de Souain, where our Foreign Legion met in the first year that Guard Division that the Prussians call the 'Cockchafers.' They took the Butte, but most of the Legion are lying there now. And yonder"—the Frenchman extended his arm with a gesture that had something of the salute in it—"stands the Mountain of Rheims. If you look—the air is clearing a little—you can perhaps see the towers of Rheims itself."

A long grayish hill lay against the gray sky at the horizon, and over it a good glass showed, very far and faint, the spires of the great cathedral, with a cloud of shell-fire hanging over them.

"All this terrain, as far as Rheims, is dominated by Blanc Mont Ridge yonder to the north. As long as the Boche holds Blanc Mont, he can throw his shells into Rheims; he can dominate the whole Champagne Sector, as far as the Marne. Indeed, they say that the Kaiser watched from Blanc Mont the battle that he launched here in July. And the Boche means to hang on there. So far, we have failed to dislodge him. I expect"—he broke off and smiled gravely on the circle of officers—"you will see some very hard fighting in the next few days, gentlemen!"

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It was the last day of September, and as the forenoon went by an intermittent drizzle sent the battalion to such miserable shelters as the men could improvise. Company commanders and seconds-in-command went up toward ruined Somme-Py for reconnaissance, and returned to profane the prospect to their platoon leaders.

"I do not like this place," declared the captain of the 49th Company to his juniors. "It looks like it was just built for calamities to happen in."

"Yep, and all the division is around here for calamities to happen to. . . . A sight more of us will go in than will ever come out of it!"

Meantime it was wet and cold in the dripping shelters. Winter clothing had not been issued, and the battalion shivered and was not cheerful.

"Wish to God we could go up an' get this fight over with!"

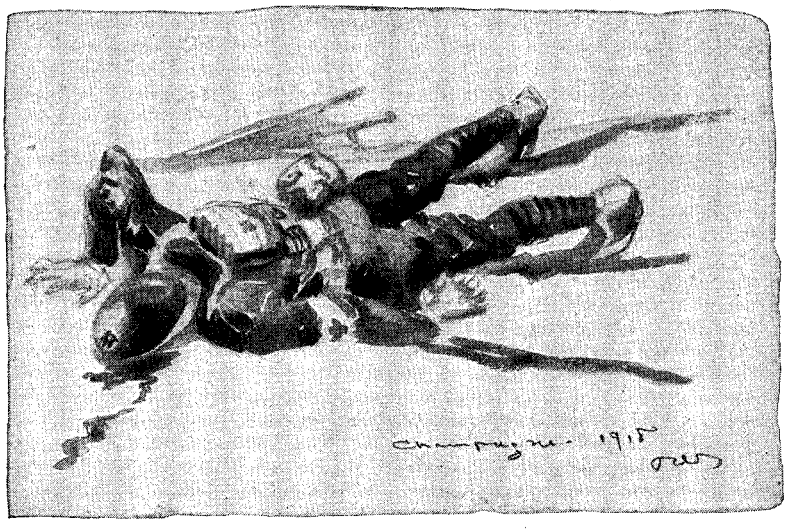
"Yes, an' then go back somewhere for the winter. Let some of these here noble National Army outfits we've been hearin' about do some of the fightin'! There's us, and there's the First Division, and the Thirty-second—Hell! we ain't hogs! Let some of them other fellows have the glory——"

"Gawd help the Boche when we meets him this time! Somebody's got to pay for keepin' us out in this wet an' cold."

"Hear your young men talk, El Capitan? They're goin' to take it out on the Boche—they will, too. Don't you take any more of this than your rank entitles you to! I'm gettin' wet."

The second-in-command and the captain were huddled under a small sheet of corrugated iron, stolen by an enterprising orderly from the French gunners. The captain was very large, and the other very lean, and they were both about the same length. They fitted under the sheet by a sort of dovetailing process that made it complicated for either to move. A second-in-command is sort of an understudy to the company commander. In some of the outfits the captain does everything, and his understudy can only mope around and wait for his senior to become a casualty. In others, it is the junior who gets things done, and the captain is just a figurehead. In the 49th, however, the relation was at its happiest. The big captain and his lieutenant functioned together as smoothly as parts of a sweet-running engine, and there was between them the undemonstrative affection of men who have faced much peril together.

"As for me," rejoined the captain, drawing up one soaked knee and putting the other out in the wet, "I want to get wounded in this fight. A bon blighty, in the arm or the leg, I think. Something that will keep me in a nice dry hospital



Others lay on the ground over which the battalion passed.—Page 234.

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until spring. I don't like cold weather. Now who is pushin'? It's nothin' to me, John, if your side leaks—keep off o' mine!"

So the last day of September, 1918, passed, with the racket up forward unabated. So much of war is just lying around waiting in more or less discomfort. And herein lies the excellence of veterans. They swear and growl horribly under discomfort and exposure—far switch line of that system. Beyond the Essen line the Blanc Mont position loomed impregnable. Late on the 1st of October, a gray, bleak day, the battalion got its battle orders, and took over a mangled front line from certain weary Frenchmen.

II

GOURAUD's battle roared on to the left with swelling tumult. The Americans,

"Oh, Lordy! They've got us bracketed!"—Page 235.

more than green troops; but privations do not sap their spirit or undermine that intangible thing called morale. Rather do sufferings nourish in the men a cold mounting anger, that swells to sullen ardor when at last the infantry comes to grips with the enemy, and then it goes hard indeed with him who stands in the way.

On the front, a few kilomètres from where the battalion lay and listened to the guns, Gouraud's attack was coming to a head around the heights north of Somme-Py and the strong trench systems that guarded the way to Blanc Mont Ridge. Three magnificent French divisions, one of Chasseurs, a colonial division, and a line division with a Verdun history, shattered themselves in fruitless attacks on the Essen Trench and the Essen Hook, a in their sector, passed the day in ominous quiet. They wondered what the delay was, speculated on the strategy of attack—which is a matter always sealed from the men who deliver the attack—and wore through to the evening of October 2. At dark, food came up in marmite cans—beef and potatoes and a little coffee. "Put ours on that mess-tin there," directed the second-in-command, as his orderly slid in with his and the captain's rations. The captain sat up in his corner a little later. "What th' hell, John?"—sniff—sniff! "Has that dead Boche on the other side of you begun to announce hisself? Phew!" The second-in-command rose from the letter he was writing by the stub of a candle and sniffed busily—sniff—snnnn—"Damnation! Captain,

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it's our supper!" With averted face he presented the grayish chunks of beef that reposed on the mess-tin. "Urggg—throw it out!" He disappeared up the crumbled steps to the entrance of the hole.

A few minutes later he slid down again, followed in a shower of dust and clods by a battalion runner. "All the beef was bad, El Capitan! What the young men are saying about the battalion supply would make your hair curl!—And here's our attack orders."

There was a brief pencilled order from the major, and maps. The two officers bent over them eagerly. "Runner!—Platoon commanders report right away—" . . . "What do you make of it, John? Looks like General Lejeune was goin' to split his division and reunite it on the field.... Hmmm! Ain't that the stunt you claim only Robert E. Lee and Napoleon could get away with? . . . All here? Get around—the map's about oriented——"

"Here we are, in the Essen Trench—seems that the Marines move down to the left to here—and the Ninth and Twenty-third move to the right—to here. These pencil lines show the direction of attack—then we jump off, angling a little to the right, compass bearing—and the infantry outfits point about as much to the left. That brings us together up here about three kilomètres, and we go on straight, a little west of north from there, to Blanc Mont——

"Essen Hook and Bois de Vipre are the first objectives—Blanc Mont final objective. . . . That means we pass to the flank of the Hook and join up behind the Viper Woods—we'll get some flanking fire, but we will cut both positions off from the rear, and we won't get near as many men shot up as we would in frontal attack. Might be worse——"

"That's all we know about the division orders— For the battalion, the major says the 5th Regiment will follow the 6th in support at the jump-off, and the zero hour will be communicated later—some time in the morning, I reckon. That's all."

The morning of October 3 [1918] came gray and misty. From midnight until dawn the front had been quiet at that point—comparatively. Then all the French and American guns opened with one world-shaking crash. From the Essen Trench the ground fell away gently, then rose in a long slope, along which could be made out the zigzags of the German trenches. The Bois de Vipre was a bluish mangled wood, two kilomètres north. Peering from their shelters, the battalion saw all this ground swept by a hurricane of shellfire. Red and green flames broke in orderly rows where the 75s showered down on the Boche lines; great black clouds leaped up where the larger shells fell roaring. The hillside and the wood were all veiled in low-hanging smoke, and the flashes came redly through the cloud. Far off, Blanc Mont way, a lucky shell found and exploded a great ammunition dump—the battalion felt the long tremor from the shock of it come to them through the earth and watched, minutes after the high crimson flare of the explosion, a broad column of smoke that shot straight up from it, hundreds of feet, and hung in air, spreading out at the top like some unearthly tree.

The men crowed and chortled in the trench. "Boy, ain't Heinie gettin' it now!" "Hear that shell gurglin' as she goes?— That's gas." "Listen to them 75s! You know, I never see one of them little guns that I don't want to go up and kiss it. Remember that counter-attack they smeared in front of us at Soissons?"

The heavens seemed roofed over with long, keening noises—sounds like the sharp ripping of silk, magnified, running in swift arcs from horizon to horizon. These were the quickfiring 75s, the clear-cut bark of the discharges merging into a crashing roar. Other sounds came with them, deeper in key, the whine growing to a rumble—these were the heavier shells—105s, 155s, 210s. Almost, one expected to look up and see them, like swift, deadly birds, some small, some enormous, all terrible. Gas shells could be distinguished from the high explosive by the throaty gurgle of the liquid in them. "Move down the trench to the left," came the order.

The battalion moved, filing around the traverses with judicious intervals between men, so that the Boche shells might not include too many in their radius of death.

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For Heinie was beginning to shoot back. He had the range of his vacated trench perfectly, and, holding the high ground, he could see what he was shooting at. Shells

"Here comes a battalion runner . . . what's up, anyway?"—Page 236.

began to crash down among the companies, whole squads were blotted out, and men choked and coughed as the reek of the high explosive caught at their windpipes.

"Lordy, ain't we ever goin' to get outa this dam' place an' get at 'em—?" A shell with a driving band loose came with a banshee scream, and men and pieces of men were blown into the air. "That was in the first platoon," said the second-in-command, shaking the dirt off his gas mask. "Something ought to be done about that gunner, El Capitan!" Another landed in the opposite lip of the trench where the two officers crouched, half-burying them both. "My God, cap'n! You killed?" "Hell, no! Are you?"

"Far enough to the left," the major sent word. "We will wait here. The 6th leads—we're the last battalion in support to-day."

Coming from the maze of trenches in the rear, the assault regiment began to pass through the 5th, battalion following battalion at 500-yard distances. A number of French "baby" tanks started with the assaulting waves, but it was an evil

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place for tanks. Tank traps, trenches so wide that the little fellows went nose-down into them and stuck, and direct fire from Boche artillery stopped the most of them. Wave after wave, the 6th went forward. For a moment the sun shone through the murk, near the horizon—a smouldering red sun, banded like Saturn, and all the bayonets gleamed like blood. Then the cloud closed again.

When an attack is well launched it is the strategy of the defenders to concentrate their artillery fire on the support waves that follow the assault troops, leaving the latter to be dealt with by machine-gun and rifle fire. So the battalion, following on in its turn, was not happy.

"Wish to Gawd we wuz up forward," growled the files. "Nothin' up there but machine guns. This here shellin' gets a man's goat. Them bums in the 6th allus did have all the luck! . . ." "Lootenant, ain't we ever gonna get a chance at them Boches? This bein' killed without a chance to kill back is hell—that's what it is!"

The battalion was out of the trench now, and going forward, regulating its pace on the battalion ahead. All at once there was a snapping and crackling in the air—a corporal spun round and collapsed limply, while his blouse turned red under his gas mask—the man beside him stumbled and went down, swearing through grayish lips at a shattered knee—the men flattened and all faces turned toward the flank.

"Machine guns on the left!"—"Hell! It's that Essen Hook we've got to pass—thank God, it's long range!—Come on, you birds." And the battalion went on, enduring grimly. Finally, when well past its front, which ran diagonally to the line of advance, the 17th Company, that had the left, turned savagely on the Essen Hook and got a foothold in its rear. A one-pounder from the regimental headquarters company was rushed up to assist them, and the men yelled with delight as the vicious little cannon got in direct hits on the Boche emplacements. Hopelessly cut off, the large body of Germans in this formidable work surrendered after a few sharp and bloody minutes, and the 17th, sending back its prisoners, rejoined the battalion.

Prisoners began to stream back from the front of the attack, telling of the success of the 6th. Wounded came with them, some walking, some carried on improvised stretchers by the Boche "kamarads." Most of them were grinning. "Goin' fine up there, boys, goin' fine!" "Lookit, fellers! Got a bon blighty—We'll give 'em your regards in Paris!"

Others of the 6th lay on the ground over which the battalion passed. Some lay quietly, like men who rested after labor. Others were mangled and twisted into attitudes grotesque and horrible as the fury of the exploding shells had flung them. There were dead Germans, too. Up forward rifle-fire and machine-guns gave tongue, and all the Boche guns raged together. "Reckon the 6th is gettin' to Blanc Mont now." The second-in-command looked at his watch. Inconceivably, it was noon.

For a while now the battalion halted, keeping its distance from the unit ahead. The men lay on their rifles and expressed unreasonable yearnings for food. "Eat? Eat? Hell! Shock troops ain't supposed to eat!" Officers cast anxious glances toward the utterly exposed left. The French attack had failed to keep abreast of the American.

The left company, the 17th, was in a cover of scrubby trees. The other companies were likewise concealed. Only the 49th lay perforce in the open, on a bleak, shell-pocked slope. A high-flying Boche plane spotted its platoon columns, asprawl eighty or a hundred yards apart on the chalky ground. "No good," said the second-in-command, cocking his head gander-wise in his flat helmet, "is goin' to come of that dam' thing—guess all our noble aviators have gone home to lunch." The plane, high and small and shining in the sky, circled slowly above them. Far back of the Boche lines there was a railroad gun that took a wireless from the wheeling vulture. "Listen," said the captain, "listen to th——"

There were lots of shells passing over—the long, tearing whine of the 75s, the coarser voices of the Boche 77s replying, and heavy stuff, but most of it was breaking behind or in front of the battalion. Into this roof of sound came a deeper note—a far-off rumble that mounted to an

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enormous shattering roar, like a freight train on a down-grade. The company flattened against the ground like partridges, and the world shook and reeled under them as a nine-inch shell crashed into the earth fifty yards ahead, exploding with a cataclysmic detonation that rocked their senses. An appalling geyser of black smoke and torn earth leaped skyward, jagged splinters of steel whined away, and stones and clods showered down. Before the smoke had lifted from the monstrous crater the devastating rumble came again, and the second shell roared down fifty yards to the rear.

Flanking fire. "Hey! She's opening up again!"—Page 236.

"Oh, Lordy! They've got us bracketed!"

"I saw that one! I saw it—look right where the next one's gonna hit, an'—"

"Look where it's gonna hit! Lawd, if I jest knew it wasn't gonna hit me—ahh——!"

The third shell came, and men who risked an eye could see it—a dark, tremendous streak, shooting straight down to the quivering earth. A yawning hole opened with thunder fairly between two platoon columns, and the earth vomited. . . . It was wonderful shooting. All the shells that followed dropped between the columns of prone men—but not a man was hit! The heavy projectiles sank far into the chalky soil, and the explosions sent the deadly fragments outward and over the company. More than a dozen shells were fired in all, the high sinister plane wheeling overhead the while. Then the company went forward with the battalion, very glad to move.

"Any one of those nine-inch babies would have blotted out twenty of us," marvelled a lieutenant, leading his platoon around a thirty-foot crater that still smoked. "Or ripped the heart out of any concrete-and-steel fortification ever built—the good Lawd was certainly with us!"

To the company commanders, gathered at dark in a much disfigured Boche shelter in the Wood of Somme-Py, the major gave information. "The 6th took Blanc Mont, and they are holding it against

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heavy counter-attacks. Prisoners say they were ordered to hold here at any costs—they're fighting damned well, too! The infantry regiments piped down the Bois de Vipre, just as we did the Essen looked worse than that. "Well," said Major George Hamilton of the first battalion of the 5th, "orders are to attack, and, by God, we'll attack"—a yawn spoiled the dramatic effect of his pro-

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behind the company flanks. On yo' feet, chillun! We're goin' up against 'em!"

And so, all four companies in line, the first battalion, a thousand men, went up against the Boche. "Capitan," said the second-in-command, as they started, "we're swingin' half-left. This tack will take us right to St.-Etienne, won't it? We were pointin' a little one side of it be-

All along the extended line the saffron shrapnel flowered, flinging death and mutilation down.—Page 238.

fore—major give you any dope?" "The Boche have come out of St.-Etienne—two full infantry regiments, anyhow, and a bunch of Maxim guns—and hit the second and third in the flank. Must be pretty bad. We're goin' up to hit them in the flank ourselves. 'Bout a kilomètre, I'd say. Wait until their artillery spots this little promenade. None of ours in support, you know."

The hush still hung around them as they moved out of the flat and began to ascend the long gray slope ahead, the crest of which was covered with a growth of pines. There was no cover on the slope—a few shell-holes, a few stunted bushes and sparse tufts of grass. Across a valley to the left, 800 to 1,000 yards away, rose another ridge, thickly clothed with underbrush, that ran back toward Blanc Mont. Forward and to the right was the heavy pine timber into which the other battalions had gone, and from which still came tumult and clangor. Tumult and clangor, also, back toward Blanc Mont, and further back, where the French attacks were pushing forward, and drumming thunder on the right, where the Saxons were breaking against the 9th and 23d infantry—but here, quiet. Voices of non-coms, rasping out admonitions to the files, sounded little and thin along the line. Every man knew, without words, that the case was desperate, but to this end was all their strength and skill in war, all their cunning gained in other battles, and their hearts lifted up to meet what might come. "More interval—more interval there on the left! Don't bunch up, you——"

"That ridge over yonder, capitan—" said the second-in-command softly. "It's lousy with the old Boche! And forward—and behind the flank, too! This is goin' to be— Ahhh—shrapnel!"

The first shell came screaming down the line from the right, and broke with the hollow cough and poisonous yellow

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puff of smoke which marks the particular abomination of the foot-soldier. It broke fairly over the centre of the 49th, and every head ducked in unison. Three men there were who seemed to throw themselves prone; they did not get up again. And then the fight closed upon the battalion with the complete and horrid unreality of nightmare. All along the extended line the saffron shrapnel flowered, flinging death and mutilation down. Singing balls and jagged bits of steel spattered on the hard ground like sheets of hail; the line writhed and staggered, steadied and went on, closing toward the centre as the shells bit into it. High explosive shells came with the shrapnel, and where they fell geysers of torn earth and black smoke roared up to mingle with the devilish yellow in the air. A foul murky cloud of dust and smoke formed and went with the thinning companies, a cloud lit with red flashes and full of howling death.

The silent ridge to the left awoke with machine-guns and rifles, and sibilant rushing flights of nickel-coated missiles from Maxim and Mauser struck down where the shells spared. An increasing trail of crumpled brown figures lay behind the battalion as it went. The raw smell of blood was in men's nostrils.

Going forward with his men, a little dazed, perhaps, with shock and sound such as never were on earth before, the second-in-command was conscious of a strangely mounting sense of the unreality of the whole thing. Automatically functioning as a company officer must, in the things he is trained to do, there was still a corner of his brain that watched detached and aloof as the scene unrolled. There was an officer rapped across the toe of his boot by a spent bullet—the leather wasn't even scratched—who sat down and asserted that his foot was shot off. There was Lieutenant Connor, who took a shrapnel dud in his loins, and was opened horribly. . . .

There was a sergeant, a hard old non-com of many battles, who went forward beside him. His face was very red, and his eyes were very bright, and his lean jaw bulged with a great chew of tobacco. His big shoulders were hunched forward, and his bayonet glinted at a thirsty angle, and his sturdy putteed legs swung in an irresistible stride. Then there was, oddly audible through the din, the unmistakable sound that a bullet makes when it strikes human flesh—and a long, crumpled, formless thing on the ground turned to the sky blind eyes in a crawling mask of red. There were five men with a machine-gun, barrel and mount and ammunition boxes, and a girlish pink-cheeked lieutenant went before them swinging a pair of field-glasses in his hand. Over and a little short of them a red sun flashed in a whorl of yellow smoke, and they were flattened into a mess of bloody rags, from which an arm thrust upward, dangling a pair of new, clean glasses by a thong, and remained so. . . . The woods on the crest were as far away as ever through the murk—their strides got them nowhere—their legs were clogged as in an evil dream—they were falling so fast, these men he had worked with and helped to train in war. There was a monstrous anger in his heart . . . a five-inch shell swooped over his head, so near that the rush of air made his ear-drums pop, and burst. He was picked up and whirled away like a leaf, breath and senses struck from him by the world-shattering concussion.

The second-in-command was pulled to his feet by Gunner Nice, who had taken the second platoon. His head lolled stupidly a moment, then he heard words—"an' that shell got all the captain's group, sir—all of 'em! An' my platoon's all casualties—" He pulled himself together as he went forward. His raincoat was split up the back, under his belt. His map-case was gone—the strap that had secured it hung loosely from his shoulder. There was blood on his hands, and the salt taste of it in his mouth, but it didn't seem to be his. And the front of the battalion was very narrow, now. The support platoons were all in the line. Strangest of all, the gray slope was behind them—the trees on the crest were only a few yards away.

Behind and to the left the machine-guns still raved, but the artillery fell away. A greenish rocket flared from the pines ahead, and right in the faces of the panting Marines machine-guns and rifles blazed. In the shadow of the pines were men in cumbersome green-gray uniforms, with faces that looked hardly human un-

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der deep round helmets. With eyes narrowed, bodies slanting forward like men in heavy rain, the remnant of the battalion went to them.

A few iron-souled Prussians—the Boche had such men—stood up to meet bayonet with bayonet, and died that way.

It was the flank of the Boche column which had come out of St.-Etienne and struck the leading battalions of the 5th. It had watched first with keen delight, then with incredulity, the tortured advance of the battalion. It had waited too long to open its own fire. And now, already shaken by the sight of these men who would not die, it shrank from the long American bayonets and the pitiless, furious faces behind the steel. A few Brandenburger zealots elected to die on their spitting Maxim guns, working them until bayonets or clubbed rifles made an end. A few iron-souled Prussians—the Boche had such men—stood up to meet bayonet with bayonet, and died that way. The second-in-command saw such a one, a big feldwebel, spring against one of his sergeants with the long Prussian lunge that throws the bayonet like a spear to the full reach of the arm. It is a spectacular thrust, and will spit like a rabbit what stands in its way. But the ser-

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geant, Bob Slover, a little fiery man with a penchant for killing Germans, ran under it and thrust from the ground for the Boche's throat. And as his point touched, he pulled the trigger. The feldwebel's helmet flew straight into the air, and the top of his head went with it.

A great many more flung away their arms and bleated "Kamaraden" to men who in that red minute knew no mercy.

A great many more flung away their arms and bleated "Kamaraden."

Some hid in holes, or feigned death, to be hunted out as the press thinned. And the rest scuttled through the fringe of trees and back down toward St.-Etienne, while the Marines, lying prone or taking rest for their Springfields, killed them as they ran. This same rifle-fire, directed against the flank and rear of the column which had pushed to the right against the other battalions of the 5th, broke that force and dispersed it. There was a battery of field-guns down the slope, five hundred yards or so. The gunners—those who were lucky—took to cover after the first burst of fire. "Thank Gawd fer a shot at them dam' artillerymen! Battlesight, an' aim low, you birds—don't let any of them bastards get away!" . . . "Sergeant, reckon the lootenant would let us go down an' take them 77s?"—"Shut up an' work yo' bolt, you dam' fool!—Whatinell you think you are—a army core?"—"Besides, Mr. Connor's dead. . . ." On the hill beyond St.-Etienne new trenches scarred the slope; there were many Germans milling there, some fifteen hundred yards away. "Save your ammunition and lay low," the word was passed. "We're on our own out here."

And the battalion, a very small battalion now, little more than a hundred men, lay along the crest they had stormed, with their dead and wounded and the Boche dead and wounded around them.

Almost immediately the Boche began to react. He opened on them a storm of fire, high explosive and shrapnel, and his machine-guns dinned fiercely. A counter-attack began to form toward St.-Etienne. Sweating gunners struggled into position with the two machine-guns that were left in the battalion, and these, with their crews, were knocked out by shellfire before either had been in action long enough to fire a clip. But the rifles gave tongue and continued to speak—the last few men are always the most difficult to kill—and the Boche had little taste for rifle-fire that

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German infantry, Champagne, 1918.

begins to kill at seven hundred yards. That counter-attack shortly returned whence it came, and the one that followed it went back also.

The rifles fell silent, for the Boche infantry was in cover, or too far away to waste scant ammunition on. "O Lord, for one battery of 75s or a machine-gun outfit! All the Boches in the world, an' nothin' to reach 'em with!" lamented the captain of the 49th. "We're clean away from our guns, and those devils seem to know it—look at 'em, yonder! Heard a shell from ours to-day, John? I haven't" —"Plenty from the other side, though—damn few of us left, capitan. Eastin's got it, Tom Langford's got it—Chuck Connor, and Matthews. Don't know where Geer is. Guess I'm the only officer you have left—here's Captain Whitehead."

Whitehead, of the 67th Company, plumped down beside them. Small, very quick and wiry, with his helmet cocked on the side of his head, he gave the impression of a fierce and warlike little hawk. "Hunt's comin' over, Francis," he said. "Bad place; worst I ever saw. Got about thirty men left. Hell that our machine-guns got knocked out so quick, wasn't it—must be two regiments of Fritzies on our front yonder!"

Captain Hunt, senior in the field, a big, imperturbable Californian, came, and Lieutenant Kelly, promoted by casualties in the last hour to command of the 66th Company. "How does it look to you, gentlemen?" said Hunt. "Damn bad" was the consensus of opinion, with profane embellishments. Followed some technical discussion. "Well," concluded the senior captain, "we've accomplished our mission—broke up their attack—better hook up with the rest of the regiment. We'll find them through the woods to the right. Move off your companies—Kelly, you go first."

Nobody remembers very clearly that swing to the right, through a hail of machine-gun fire and an inferno of shelling. They found the companies of the second

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battalion digging in astride a blasted road, and went into position beside them.

"I've organized the company sector with twenty men—all we've got left—you and I make twenty-two," reported the second-in-command, dropping wearily into the shell hole where the captain had established himself. "Lord, I'm tired . . . and what I can't see," he added in some wonder, fingering the rents in his raincoat, "is why we weren't killed too. . . ."

That night, lying in its shallow, hastily dug holes, the remnant of the battalion descended through further hells of shelling. The next night tins of beef and bread came up. There was some grim laughter when it came. "Captain," reported the one remaining sergeant, after distributing rations in the dark, "they sent us chow according to the last strength report—three days ago—two hundred and thirty-odd rations. The men are building breastworks out of the corned willy cans, sir!—twenty of 'em——"

More days and nights, slipping, characterless, into each other. Being less than a company in strength, the first battalion of the 5th was not called on to attack again. They lay in their holes and endured. "Until the division has accomplished its mission," said the second-in-command, rubbing his dirt-encrusted and unshaven chin. "That means, until the rest of the outfit is killed down as close as we are. Then we'll be relieved, an' get a week's rest and a gang of bloodthirsty replacements, an' then we can do it all over again." "Yes," replied the captain, turning uneasily in the cramped coffin-shaped hole in which they lay. He scratched himself. "I have cooties, I think. In plural quantities." "Well, you would have that orderly strip the overcoats off a covey of dead Boches to furnish this château of ours. The Boche is such an uncleanly beast. . . . I have cooties, too, my capitan. Hell . . . ain't war wonderful!"

And after certain days the division was relieved. The battalion marched out at night. The drumming thunder of the guns fell behind them and no man turned his face to look again on the baleful lights of the front. On the road they passed a regiment of the relieving division—full, strong companies of National Guardsmen. They went up one side of the road and in ragged column of twos, unsightly even in the dim and fitful light, the Marines plodded down the other side. They were utterly weary, with shuffling feet and hanging heads. The division had just done something that those old masters in the art of war, the French, and the world after them, including Ludendorff, were to acknowledge remarkable. They had hurled the Boche from Blanc Mont and freed the sacred city of Rheims. They had paid a price hideous even for this war. And they were spent. If there was any idea in those hanging heads it was food and rest.

The Guard companies gibed at the shrunken battalion as they passed. Singing and joking they went. High words of courage were on their lips and nervous laughter. Save for a weary random curse here and there, the battalion did not answer. . . . "Hell, them birds don't know no better. . . ." "Yeh, we went up singin' too, once—good Lord, how long ago! . . . They won't sing when they come out . . . or any time after . . . in this war." . . . "Damn you, can't you march on your own side the road? How much room you need?"

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Mrs. Riddle

A FRAGMENT OF BIOGRAPHY

BY GERALD CHITTENDEN

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

WHILE I was taking tea with Mrs. Riddle, old Henry Page brought his liver to call. She sent me out to help him off with his cerements, a service which I performed with what sympathy I could muster in response to his repeated demands for it. About the time of the sloughing of the last overshoe, Mrs. Riddle, unable to endure the agony any longer, called out:

"Come in, Mr. Page! Don't die in the hall!"

There was no acidity in her remark. It was simply the impatience of a good player with a bad one. No one, I think, had a better right to make it than Mrs. Riddle, for at that time her own right side was withered and useless—had been so for a year. Such incapacity must have been hell to her keen mind and warm heart, but we who loved her had to imagine her suffering without aid from her. She never spoke of it without humor, not even to her nurse, and watched the coming on of complete helplessness with the old cool fire in her eyes, snapping her fingers in the face of fate and disease, and ultimately of death.

I think Henry Page liked her style of attack, in spite of himself. At any rate, he came into the room with his insides inside of him, and for half an hour was as agreeable as he can be and seldom is. When he had gone, Mrs. Riddle rang for the maid to remove the tray, and commented with that flicker in her bright eye which made one wonder just where in history she belonged—whether in the mid-Victorian age, or in the late twenty-first century.

"Henry Page's liver," she said, "is his only child. Adopted, I think—at least, he never speaks about it except when it misbehaves. It always misbehaves."

Mrs. Riddle's aim was accurate and her penetration high, but her bullseye was gold. The town of Gristmill, Vt., owned its share of gold, and perhaps that was why it claimed her with an all-excluding jealousy. A newcomer there, I had been conducted to her tea-table as soon as Mrs. Corcoran, the librarian, had made up her mind that I was worthy. Ever since I had been trying to fit Mrs. Riddle into her background, without success. Native sons and daughters gave me no help; they only grew angry when a stranger like myself dared to suggest that she had not always lived in Gristmill, and angrier still when I called attention to their own unguarded admission that she had lived in many other places. Pondering the problem, it seemed to me that Mrs. Riddle resembled one of those good stock companies which used to travel about before the movies came, carrying with them their own scenery, and presenting the same high and low comedies, the same tragedies and melodramas, here in the Odd Fellows' Hall, there in a fire-trap of a theatre amid the fragments of make-up left over from the last high-school performance of "Charley's Aunt." In a pinch, you may remember, they sometimes acted in a barn or under canvas, but their scenery and costumes were always the same.

"The idea of comparing Mrs. Riddle to an actor!" Mrs. Corcoran protested. "Much less to a whole troupe of them! She belongs here."

"Was she born here?" I pursued.

"N-no." Evidently, the admission hurt. "New York, I think. But what difference does that make? Nobody *lives* in New York."

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"She's been here only eight years, they tell me."

"A lot they know about it!"

Which remark was a masterly and shameless dodge, for "they" were, or was, chiefly Mrs. Corcoran.

"If you want to know about the other side of Mrs. Riddle," she said later, annoyed by my persistency, "you might ask the Reverend Pugh."

"I have no intention of asking the Reverend Pugh about anything," I replied. "But I'd just as lief ask you about the Reverend Pugh. How did Mrs. Riddle happen to cross his hawse?"

"He crossed hers. They had words about earthquakes."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Ask the Reverend Pugh."

In spite of my dislike for the man, I did ask him, cornering him on Main Street between the fire-engine house and the police station.

"Are earthquakes a visitation of God?" I demanded.

"You've been talking to Mrs. Riddle," he said, and went away from there.

There was nothing left but to ask Mrs. Riddle herself.

"Polly Corcoran talks too much," she said.

"But just what did you say to Pugh?"

"I've said so many things to him that I can't remember them all. You mean about the San Francisco earthquake? The papers said that babies were being born in the streets there, and I got excited about it. Naturally—who wouldn't? I wanted to collect clothing and condensed milk for them. Every one in town was a Christian except Pugh."

"And he?"

"A heathen. He said God had destroyed San Francisco because it was immoral. I told him"—she smiled mischievously, her one useful hand moving among the cups—"I told him that he probably knew more about that than I did—I'd never been in that part of San Francisco."

"Was that all you told him?"

"How inquisitive you are! I think I said that my God wouldn't have lost his temper like that. Such peevishness seemed to me undignified in a divinity—altogether too much like an angry clergyman."

"Did he see the point?"

"Well—he opened his parish house to receive what people contributed. I think that for a long time he expected the lightning to strike me. Probably my stroke of paralysis restored his faith."

No wonder Gristmill claimed her. She blew the cobwebs out of their attics—a process congenial to the New England mind. And no wonder that, when she passed over, even a comparative stranger could have heard all the trumpets sounding for her on the other side. She left behind her a wound over which the town closed slowly and reluctantly. People had never, even in her crippled years, gone to her tea-table as a matter of duty, or to cheer her up, or because of any one of the other undertaker emotions. They knew well that they took away far more than they brought, and therefore, when her old-fashioned silver service had been locked away in the local bank until a new generation should need it, their lives were thinner than they had been. To me also, the idea that she had lived anywhere else became incredible.

It remained an untrue fact until a combination of business and pleasure took me to the Caribbean coast in the year following her death. There, in a country which I shall call Espinosa, on a banana farm forty miles in the bush and five from a white neighbor, I once more crossed Mrs. Riddle's trail. The farm-manager, a man called Driscoll, with the marks of twenty years in the tropics etched into his face, pointed it out to me.

"You may call this lonely, if you like," he said. "I dare say it is. But I wonder what you'd have thought of Anita Grande Farm—Big Annie Farm—ten years ago?"

"What part of the country?" I asked.

He jerked his thumb in a general northerly direction, toward the delta of the Rio Amara.

"Twenty-one miles up the track," he said. "Swamp. Foundation posts rotting or sprouting three days after you'd sunk 'em. No screens, no ice, no meat except what you could shoot. And you had to eat that within twenty-four hours. Plenty of nothing except fever and whiskey and quinine, and too much of those."

"Laying it on pretty thick, aren't you?"

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From a drawing by Harry Townsend.

I think Henry Page liked her style of attack . . .—Page 243.

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"No. Things have changed since then. It was one woman who changed them at Big Annie Farm."

"Was Big Annie the woman?"

"God, no! Big Annie was a myth even when I first came here, and wasn't the one, I guess, to make things more sanitary. This was a woman from the States, mother of one of the new men. Her name was Riddle. She came and stayed three years—until her son died—and made our lives worth living. Then she went away."

"I know her," I said. "Knew her, rather."

"She's dead, then?" Driscoll asked.

"Last year."

He was silent for some time.

"I suppose she had to die, like every one else," he said. "I wonder what she's doing now?"

That speculation, coming from Driscoll, made me jump, so that my chair creaked.

"Does that surprise you?" he asked. "My wondering what she's doing now? It shouldn't, if the Mrs. Riddle you knew is the same one I knew. I can't imagine her staying in her grave, or in heaven for that matter, if there was anything for her to do in hell." He lit a cigarette. "Espinosa was near enough hell in those days. She kept house at Anita Grande for three years."

"When you knew her," he went on after another pause, "did she ever show you a gold owl? Maya work? She might have worn it sometimes on a ribbon or a chain."

"She generally wore it." I remembered the ornament well—a queer and handsome bit of old work.

"I'm glad she liked it that much. I gave it to her. A small matter, but I wanted her to remember me—what she did for me, anyhow."

"Did she nurse you through something, or what?"

"Yellow fever. But that wasn't all I wanted her to remember. I was on the beach in those days—practically. She cured me of that, too."

She had indeed, as I learned in that long evening, with the banana fronds pattering like rain beyond the screens, and hot odors drifting in from the jungle and the garden. Mrs. Riddle had planted that garden, for she had lived at Què Tal Farm as well as at Anita Grande—had pervaded the place, as she seemed to pervade it now. Certainly, as Driscoll talked on in that indistinct voice of his, it seemed as though she must have joined us quietly and was sitting in the third chair on the veranda. The aura of her high and sporting spirit was as palpable there as it had ever been at Gristmill, so that Què Tal seemed her world and not my own. Why not? It too had felt her indomitability, so that even the bush which she had driven back from her garden did not encroach on it as it did on other clearings—was kept out by this man who was talking to me—kept out because she still walked by night among her flowers. Even the hothouse perfume of frangipani, as different as possible from the freshness of cold violets which had always suggested her to me, seemed by some magic to be her fragrance.

"So you see," Driscoll said as he threw away his last cigarette and rose, "why I wondered what she was doing now. Some of us may die altogether, and a good job too, but not Mrs. Riddle."

The next day he took me to visit a distant farm. We spent the day riding over it; when we reached the railroad-track once more, it was already dusk.

"Jake Stein will feed us at Grenadilla," said Driscoll, and added to his motor-boy, "Shove along, mon."

The negro pushed us a few steps, running behind, and jumping aboard the track motor when the explosions began. Conversation became impossible. We banged along the track for half an hour or so, running without train orders, of course, as all men did habitually in Espinosa until accidents compelled a change of custom. The probability of meeting an engine three rail-heads away made the curves interesting. Darkness came down on us before we had gone a mile.

We stuttered into the yards of Grenadilla Junction, going more slowly on account of adverse switch points, and stopped in front of the cantina and general store. A tall sort of a barracks loomed behind it, with yellow light pouring in wedges out of open doors, illuminating three tiers of galleries. In reality, it was quiet except for domestic disputes in three different and equally unintelligible

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From a drawing by Harry Townsend.

"She ordered them off—spoke once to them in a low voice, I bet—und they vent."—Page 248.

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languages, but, somehow, it gave the impression of crawling life, of disorganized and continuous noise. Stein's cantina, however, was clean enough, and deserted at this hour; Stein himself was sitting behind his bar. He heaved himself to his feet and offered us drink; a moment later he shouted into the general obscurity:

"Juana! Supper for two!"

A disembodied voice answered him, and pots clattered somewhere. Stein turned on the single unshaded bulb over one of the tables; we took our drinks over to it and sat down.

"Your first visit to Espinosa?" Stein asked me. "Yes? Und you find it inderesting?"

"Very," I said.

"Any gountry is inderesting, if you do not haf to lif in it. Here, dere is notting to talk aboud but bananas."

"They're interesting, if you've never seen them except in a grocery," I replied.

"Ja. In a grocery, it is nice to see bananas. Here—" He shrugged and buried his mustache in a glass of Espinosan beer.

"Williams, here," said Driscoll, "knew Mrs. Riddle."

"Knew her? She is, then, dead?"

"Last winter, he tells me."

"So?" Stein, his head dropping a little forward, sat motionless for a time. A burst of rain assaulted the iron roof of the cantina; he reached up and closed the wooden shutter above our heads. Then he stepped behind the bar and pulled a coat over his damp-looking shirt. He sat down again and finished his beer. "So, she is dead," he said, and there was a quality of regret in his voice, a certain softening of his gutturals, even. "Vell, vell. Burcell vill be sorry to hear that."

"What's become of Purcell?" Driscoll asked. "I haven't seen him lately."

"Burcell is as usual," Stein answered. "Sometimes I wonder if it was right for Mrs. Riddle to pull him through that time. But she always did vat she could for any sort of a yellow dog, or for the fleas on his hide, even. So—she is dead. Vell."

He meditated—a hunched frog of a man in a sweaty and collarless shirt, yet, just then, with a certain unexpected decency about him. A yellow girl with flopping slippers on her bare feet brought us our supper, and we began on it in silence. Stein filled his glass again.

"Mrs. Riddle," he said, "vas afraid of notting."

"Not even of life," Driscoll added.

"Not even of life. Not even of Burcell's niggers that time he was sick und they got nasty. You remember?"

"Tell Williams."

"Burcell vas sick, und he had no money, und no food in der house, und his vife had to dig up roots in the basture und gollect dry branches for der fire. Mrs. Riddle heard about it und vent to his place on a hand-car—her yard-man und her house-man bumping it."

"Without train orders?" I asked.

"Oh, ja. Certainly, vithout orders. She found der niggers—Haitians and Barbadians—on Burcell's platform, very nasty, as I have said. She ordered them off—spoke once to them in a low voice, I bet—und they vent." Stein laughed. "Then she came back here, und before I know vat I do, I load her car for her—a hundred pounds of flour, tea, canned milk—oh, many other things. It was a brivilege so to do."

Before my mind's eye at that moment rose a picture of her perfect tea-table in Gristmill—of the firelight in the autumn dusk, of Henry Page and his liver, of the score of pleasant people who had revolved about her there and had claimed her as their peculiar property and product. When I tried to pay for my supper, Stein closed my hand over the money I offered him, and said:

"No friendt of Mrs. Riddle can bay here. She vas here but three years, but she belongs to us."

Once more before I left the Caribbean her name came up, this time at Havana, where an acquaintance of mine took me to dinner at the American Legation. After dinner, we sat on the roof overlooking the Maleçon and the sea beyond, and the talk skipped about over the world—from Petrograd to Pekin and back again. The minister at that time was particular about his subordinates, excluding the finikin type of secretary; therefore, the evening was interesting and pleasant. The first secretary, it seemed, had once crossed from the mainland with Mrs. Riddle. They had dined at the legation, as I was

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doing, and had rejoined the ship at three in the morning, an hour before it sailed. They had hurried, and when one hurries in a Havana Ford, one risks body and soul. They had been wrecked once and arrested once. Diplomatic pressure failed with the policeman until Mrs. Riddle began to talk with him; he ended by deserting his post at the foot of the Calle O'Reilly and riding on the step of the car to the gate of the dock, which he had opened for them.

"A wonderful and charming old lady," said the first secretary. "And to think that she had lived most of her life in Vermont—in a hick town."

From Havana I returned to Gristmill and took up my work again. Mrs. Riddle's house was occupied by some one else, and I did not enter it that winter. Her name occurred frequently in conversation. Once, when I was talking to Mrs. Corcoran, I mentioned the Caribbean.

"I've heard, of course, that she had been in that part of the world," Mrs. Corcoran admitted. "She told me so herself, in fact. In several other countries, too. I've heard all that, and it means nothing. She always—*always*—lived here, and couldn't have lived anywhere else."

"Well," I assented, "perhaps she did. Driscoll—Stein—the first secretary—all felt the same way, but they must have been dreaming."

"She always lived here," repeated Mrs. Corcoran. "Why, look how she is remembered here! That's the proof of it."

"Of course," I agreed.

President Vergilius Alden Cook of Harmonia College

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE

BY CAROL PARK

I

"HE'S a good mixer and a straight Republican."

Thus, somewhat informally, was the coming of President Vergilius Alden Cook heralded by one of the trustees of Harmonia, the women's college of Metropole.

More formally, at the public induction into office, he was presented to his students, his faculty, and to the town's citizens as "one of the State's leading educators, in honoring whom Metropole honors itself." A stirring speech on "Democracy and Education" by the State commissioner of the latter led gracefully to the encomium on Doctor Cook delivered by the president of Doctor Cook's own Alma Mater. Such terms as "the glory of America," "American womanhood," "a true scholar," "every inch a gentleman" peppered the oration and called forth good-natured applause. Then, with a modesty that should be suggestive of Lincoln, tempered by a dignity that comes from the knowledge of one's worth, Doctor Cook rose to acknowledge the tribute and to present his own platform for education. At a previously determined signal the massed student body came spontaneously to its feet and broke into a well-rehearsed song about:

"Doctor Cook, with pen and book
We are all for you.
To you and to Harmonia
We will e'er be true."

This gracious testimony of loyalty moved the new president to wipe his eyes furtively and to gulp a few times before proceeding with his carefully memorized speech.

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So flushed were the students, however, with the success of their part in the evening's ceremony that they were not very attentive to the new president's address and never did learn what his educational programme was. But, as a matter of fact, no one else in the audience, however attentive, learned it either.

Properly introduced, Doctor Cook now belonged. Harmonia was willing to cooperate; at any rate, to do nothing to prevent the man's showing what he was. There were, of course, on the part of the student body and of the more curious members of the faculty, attempts to penetrate the arcana of his earlier history. As pieces of information were brought to light they were joined, analyzed, and verified until a suggestive, if sketchy, biography was obtained.

II

Vergilius Alden Cook was born and brought up in Watertown, a small country settlement. There he had received a stern religious drilling from a fundamentalist grandmother; a political training, in which his father, the village lawyer, served as model; and a rigid intellectual discipline at the hands of a conscientious country schoolmaster. A certain college tradition ran in the Cook family; so at seventeen, with his father's "Trigonometry" and his "Horace," Vergilius left his home for one of the smaller New England colleges.

The boy Vergilius was a good boy. His ancestry was American; his father a man of some position. He joined the college glee-club. He played on the college nine. He did well enough, but not too well, in his studies. And so he made the proper fraternity. He had received the accolade of rightness—even of superiority.

Superiority. Yes, one knew that in his heart; but, openly, one could not afford to be too snobbish. A little cordiality, a show of interest, a hearty hand-clasp, these rather than icy superiority were effective in winning the success represented by class office.

The genial attitude, moreover, was in keeping with a new spirit that on the campus was becoming intellectually acceptable, a spirit expressing itself through some of the faculty and a few of the students in catchwords like "capital and labor," "frenzied finance," "social consciousness," "individualism," "democracy," "Americanism," "opportunity." A mind, not keenly aware of a struggling, growing outside world, had difficulty in understanding the significance of such terms. Vergilius tried to reconcile these new ideas with the ideas of the correct static universe with which he was familiar. Of course, and even his father would agree, there should be equality of opportunity; every American should have a fair chance to get what he rightfully desired. But no American wanted anything that Vergilius, himself, didn't want. An American— Well, an American wasn't one of those dirty, greasy foreigners who came to this country, made bombs, and tried to upset a perfectly functioning government. Still—it was here that his broad college training showed its value—a little shoulder-patting and hand-shaking often won a Wop or a Mick to the side of righteousness. Vergilius decided to hand-shake.

With this well-defined social policy and with his B. A. and M. A. degrees, Vergilius returned to a slightly changed Watertown. A twist of fortune had set its industries humming. Its population had increased; and if the staid settlers shuddered at the thought of the foreigners who were coming to work in factory and mill, who were turning old family mansions into slum tenements, they still did not refuse to accept the increased rents, the booming profits, or other benefits of a thriving town. There was a welcome air of prosperity and, as an outward and visible sign, a new high-school building with a newly incorporated State normal training course.

Two degrees and a father's political influence made Vergilius a welcome addition to the school faculty. With energy and the application of successful business methods, he soon became principal and saw the school flourish. His position naturally threw him into close contact with all sorts of people. The presence of Watertown's irritating foreign section could not be ignored. But had not college prepared Vergilius Cook to handle

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the problem? "Let them get out their citizenship papers. Get them out to vote —straight Republican, of course, and they'll no longer be aliens. They'll *be* Americans, sir." He carried out his own precepts. And so, since it was he who got the foreigners out to vote and patted them on the shoulder, he naturally became a force in local politics.

An efficiency system enabled him to combine his two activities. He was "Our Leading Citizen" at home and he began to make shy faltering steps abroad. He attended educational conferences and noted how big educators spoke and acted. He attended State Republican conventions and noted how big politicians conducted themselves. And he patterned his behavior on a combination of the two.

In a few years he became mayor. Thereafter his public activity alternated between the mayoralty and the school principalship. (Something in some constitution somewhere prevented one person from holding the two offices at the same time.) Then he became a power. His college conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. He attended a Republican convention, at which he made a fairly forceful speech seconding the nomination of Hiram Parsons of Watertown for state engineer. The speech attracted the attention of some of Metropole's politicians, among whom was the trustee of Harmonia.

So, when Harmonia needed a new president, one who could inaugurate a campaign of expansion and obtain a large endowment fund, Doctor Cook was chosen. He came to Metropole with his wife, one of his former students in the normal kindergarten department, and four children, good-looking but a little stupid.

III

THE college now had caught up the loose threads of Doctor Cook's previous existence and, without praise or censure, was willing enough to see what the new man could do. Evidently, Doctor Cook had decided against the aping of foppish city manners. He came to the college each morning in a loose, baggy suit, carefully chosen to suggest straw and God's own country. Nor did he surround his position with aloof dignity. Weren't we all one family? So the college girls were encouraged to drop in familiarly at his office to hear a good story or to "talk over what's on your mind." Mrs. Cook came down to the college to sit on club-room divans under bas-reliefs of the Muses, to throw her arms about the girls' shoulders, and to have heart-to-heart talks with them. But it was noticed that no Catholics or Jews or Negroes and none of those "Well, of course, they are ambitious and bright; but why do they come to America?" foreigners were singled out for such president-wifely recognition.

Chapel, naturally compulsory, was the climactic occasion of the college week. Doctor Cook would unfold his long legs, rise majestically—with the majesty not of the polished but of the natural man—and make his announcements. A delightful piquancy was given them by his Yankee intonation, by frequent inclusions of "I want cher" and "won't cher" and by a slight disregard of grammar and of rhetoric. When some chapel speaker failed to appear, Doctor Cook would throw himself into the breach and talk for the allotted thirty minutes on some subject nearest his heart. His speeches were not without humor. They would include a story or two about a drummer, or beginning: "It seems there were two men"; they would end with a quotation that contained the gist of his remarks. A favorite one was:

> "But the man worth while
> Is the man who can smile
> When everything goes dead wrong."

There were changes in the faculty. Some members were dropped. "They're really too good for Harmonia," was the president's explanation. Some members preferred to go. Then, too, the natural growth of the college demanded new professors. These places were filled by "big men," with proper fraternity connections. Some, mistakenly chosen, came with fire and ideals in their souls, stood out for their convictions, and at the end of a probationary year—left. Those who stayed were able to read a text-book on their subject, assemble the facts therein presented, and deliver them again in lec-

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tures. Their voices were loud and carried conviction. Their views coincided with those of the president. The new women of the faculty were delightfully feminine creatures who, after a few years of professorial duties, left to be married.

This habit of his women professors delighted Doctor Cook. He believed in marriage. He believed in families. His favorite address to his alumnæ was a capitulation of vital statistics, an announcement of the number of married alumnæ and of their children. The alumnæ stationery carried the slogan, suggested by him: "Every Alumna a Potential Mother." In fact, so firm was his belief in the sanctity of the family as an American institution that in a now famous interview with one who was anxious to help establish some connection between the undergraduate and the world after graduation he said: "We don't want to train our girls to receive large salaries. If they get good salaries, they won't want to marry. And we want them to marry."

It was possibly this evidence of conservatism, together with his being a regular fellow—the college janitor reported having seen the Big Boss at the League baseball games—that endeared Doctor Cook to his board of trustees. He and they did pull together. A steadily, if slowly, increasing stream of money flowed to Harmonia. The college grew. An era of "Advertise Harmonia" was entered upon. The college grew larger. Members of the faculty joined the Chamber of Commerce. Members spoke before the local branches of the Y. M. C. A. Some of them even made political speeches during the gubernatorial campaign.

At last the time was ripe for the endowment-fund drive. No orthodox drive may be conducted without professional money-gatherers and without rallies. Harmonia's drive was orthodox. Harmonia began a whirl of dinners at which alumnæ campaign workers were urged to sing "Smiles" and "Pack up Your Troubles," to sing until such a state of frenzy was reached that the campaign should *go over big*. But the alumnæ wanted to have facts and refused to sing. It was somewhat disheartening and not quite up to form. The money was collected more slowly than had been expected. Doctor Cook sometimes wondered whether this would have happened if the alumnæ had sung those songs. But he concealed his disappointment and wrote a letter to each worker: "The army has its back to the wall. But we won't give up the ship." And the money was raised.

So Doctor Cook is a Great College President. Even now nobody knows what his educational programme is; but of his greatness as a college president there is no doubt. Harmonia's new buildings are now being constructed. Doctor Cook drives prospective benefactors out to see them. He points out their glories. "A new Acropolis, sir. The largest pieces of granite in the State. And the best ventilation system in the country."

Between visits to the site of the new college, great Doctor Cook—the students call him "Vergy" or "V. A. C."—sits in his office. There are several questions which he must decide. Should $500,000 or $600,000 be required to name a building for the donor? Would 1928 be a good year to run for mayor of Metropole?

My Little Town

BY MARY EDGAR COMSTOCK

Over my little town
White clouds are sailing.
Above my little town
Five steeples cleave the air.
About my little town
Brown hills are calling.
Within my little town
Beasts have their lair.

Over my little town
Great birds go soaring.
Above my little town
The moon floats pale.
About my little town
White birches whisper.
Within my little town
Joy is frail.

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The Chinese Renaissance

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "The Suicide of Russia," "The Character of Races," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IT has been the habit to speak of China as unchanging. As a matter of fact China is changing rapidly. The fighting and the antiforeign outburst of the summer of 1925 are different from the more peaceful, but by no means quiet, conditions of 1923. But such variations are merely minor ripples upon a great, though slow, stream of progress. The following article discusses some of the essential elements in that stream. The desire for modern education conflicts with the desire to preserve the good things of the past; the desire to control their own affairs conflicts with the desire to learn from the West and utilize our material conveniences. These conflicts are now acute, and sometimes one desire and sometimes another is dominant. Nevertheless, the general trend of progress is along the lines pointed out in the following account of some of the author's observations in the autumn of 1923. An appreciation of these main trends is essential to a correct idea of what China is doing, and is likely to do in the future.

CHINA is slow, but China moves. The movement is perhaps most evident in education. During a recent journey in China I was repeatedly impressed by the rapidity with which the Chinese interest in Western education is accelerating and assuming new and more aggressive forms. As so often happens in Oriental countries, the contrast between the old and the new leaves the traveller bewildered as to which is the real China and which will ultimately prevail.

If you would get some idea of how the new is being grafted upon the old, come with me to the port of Amoy in South China. Walk through the narrow, ill-smelling streets, see the pigs and the children, and visit the private school where Chinese employ Americans to bring them foreign education. Then pass the cemetery, one of many, where the gravestones lie so close together that they form an almost complete pavement. We are on our way to the university, perhaps a mile and a half east of the city near the shore. That university is a concrete illustration of the way in which contact with the West, and especially with missionaries from America, has aroused in China an eager and almost imperious demand for modern education. Some years ago a bright young man from one of the Amoy villages went to Singapore, or thereabouts. He began life as not much more than a coolie, but being uncommonly energetic and capable, he acquired sugar-mills, rubber-plantations, and other sources of wealth, and made a fortune. Like most Chinese, he was devoted to his home, and wanted to return there. Unlike the majority, he also wanted to do something for his old village. So he consulted his friends, and built a new Buddhist temple at a reported cost of 30,000 Mexican dollars. Then the merchant sat back and waited. Nothing happened. People came to the temple at first out of curiosity, but when the novelty had worn off, they came no more. The priests conducted services just as before, but the bright new temple was no more useful than the shabby old one.

"No more religion for me," said the disgusted merchant. "Whether it be Buddhist, Confucian, or Christian, I have had enough of it." He consulted his friends again. They advised education. So he built a lower primary school for boys. It covered only the studies taken by our American children between six and

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nine years of age, but naturally the age of the Chinese boys was greater. The rich ex-coolie sat back once more and waited. This time something happened. Three hundred boys flocked into the school, with more pressing to come in. Soon some of the boys were ready for an advanced primary school, and the merchant built one. Then the girls wanted education. High schools for both boys and girls had next to be constructed. So the tale was told to me. But neighboring villages saw the good work and were eager to send their children. Boarding-schools were added. In all, some 600,000 Mexican dollars of the wealth of Singapore are said to have been put into the schools of that one district.

Even that was not the end. Some of the boys, and even some of the girls, finished the high school and were ready for the university, but there was none in Amoy or the surrounding country. So the merchant built a university, and Mr. Elliot, the American secretary of the Amoy Y. M. C. A., took me to it. We found an excellent set of buildings and some 300 students. A new medical school was in course of construction. The teachers were for the most part bright, wide-awake young Chinese, educated in America, or, in some cases, in Europe. There were only two or three Americans, and they were not in positions of authority, although held in high respect. The teachers gave us an example of the speed with which the Chinese can do things in spite of their reputed slowness. It appeared that some of them had read my books and wanted me to lecture. "No," I said. "My boat leaves at twelve-thirty, and I have to start back in an hour at the outside."

"That's all right," was the enterprising answer. "We'll get the students together in ten minutes, and that will give you forty-five minutes to talk." They were as good as their word. Not many universities have a staff who would decide more quickly, or act more promptly, especially when it all had to be done before the president arrived. But he was of the same stripe, and approved what his subordinates had done.

Thus far the founder of Amoy University is said to have spent 2,000,000 Mexican dollars on buildings and equipment, and is paying all the running expenses. The report is that he is willing to put 10,000,000 more into the university. That shows the wonderful place that modern education is beginning to have in the life of China. The great criticism of Amoy University, so I understand, is that the founder insists on keeping everything in his own hands. In that he simply reflects a weakness that runs through the warp and woof of Chinese character. The Chinese do not trust other people's honesty or judgment as do Europeans and Americans. By this I mean something more than mere honesty in dollars and cents. I mean that the Chinese have not yet learned, and temperamentally find it difficult to learn, the spirit which makes a corporate body of trustees more careful, honest, and wise in the affairs of an endowed university than in their own. A Chinese may be generous and even public-spirited himself, but the idea of feathering one's own nest as fast as possible is so ingrained, that our form of public trusteeship, which we rightly esteem one of our greatest glories, is almost impossible in China.

The keenness of the Chinese in respect to modern education may be judged from the fact that one of the few kinds of philanthropic effort that arouses real enthusiasm in Chinese students is volunteer teaching. From many institutions the young men go out regularly to conduct free schools in surrounding villages.

One interesting phase of the matter was brought to my attention by my friend Mr. Tsao, president of Ching Hwa, the American Indemnity College near Peking. But before I discuss it, I hope Mr. Tsao will pardon me if I tell a little story of the beginnings of our friendship. It illustrates how easy it is for Chinese and Americans to misunderstand one another, and how much is gained by complete frankness. Years ago, when Mr. Tsao was a student at Yale, he was in one of my classes in physical geography. We were studying the desert formation known as loess, a fine yellow deposit, it will be remembered, which is brought by the northwest winds from the deserts of Gobi, and has been deposited over a large area in the provinces of Shansi and Shensi. In discussing this I mentioned the fact that

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though loess can be cut with a spade, it is so tenacious that the cut surfaces will remain almost unchanged for decades, even though vertical. That is why many roads take the form of deep, steep-sided trenches. The dust kicked up by the animals, which are fairly numerous in those regions, is blown away, but the walls of the road remain as cliffs. For the same reason, wherever there are cliffs of loess, it is easy to excavate houses in them. In speaking of these houses I incidentally remarked that they must be very dusty and badly ventilated, but the people of China do not mind such things. The next day I received a long letter, two pages of foolscap, closely written on both sides. The gist of the letter was that Mr. Tsao felt grieved that I had spoken slightingly of the civilization of China, that I had misunderstood it, and hence unintentionally misrepresented it to the class. The letter ended with the words: "And as you spoke, the thing that pained me most was the scornful glances which my classmates cast upon me." I had not meant to convey any such impression, for then as now I was a strong admirer of many features of Chinese civilization. I went to Mr. Tsao in his room, and explained the matter. With the broad-minded spirit characteristic of many Chinese, he accepted my explanation fully and completely, and we have been good friends ever since.

This story has a sequel. The next year, in a different class, I had another Chinese student. This time our subject was the geography of Asia. At the beginning of the year, before I had become acquainted with the individual students, I wanted to discuss the character of the Chinese. In order to avoid any misunderstanding, I began with some of the many things which I admire in Chinese character. As a climax I said that, among the admirable qualities, none ranks above universal industry. Thereupon, to my chagrin, the class turned to their Chinese classmate and grinned. I discovered later that he was notoriously lazy.

To come back to Mr. Tsao and the Indemnity College, as we drove thither, and as we were walking about looking at the fine buildings, he told me something of his problems and aims. The origin of the college, it will be remembered, is this: After the Boxer troubles in 1900, China was obliged to pay an indemnity to each of the foreign nations whose citizens had suffered. The United States returned this indemnity to China for use in educating Chinese students in the United States. The preliminary training of such students is carried on by the Indemnity College. But many thoughtful Chinese, such as Mr. Tsao, are coming to the conclusion that the Chinese students in America are becoming too much Americanized. They go to America while still young. Many study for a year or two in an academy or high school, then take a college course, and add to that several years of graduate work. When they return to China they have become so Americanized, or Europeanized if they have been in Europe, that they have lost touch with their own country. They are neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring—not Americans or Europeans, and yet not thoroughly Chinese. One remedy for this is that the Indemnity College should raise its standards, and carry the students practically through their whole college course. Then they would come to America as men sufficiently mature to be thoroughly grounded in Chinese culture, and yet young enough to profit by a graduate course in an American university.

Another interesting example of the difficulties experienced when foreigners and Chinese try to co-operate in education is seen in the Union Medical College at Peking. The superb buildings, modelled on the old imperial palace, but with green tiles instead of yellow, and with airy convenient laboratories, lecture-rooms, and offices, instead of cold spacious audience-chambers and richly draped living-rooms, are typical of the way in which the whole institution is equipped and managed. The staff, under the presidency of Doctor H. S. Houghton, consists of men who would do credit to a great medical college anywhere. The majority of those in the more important positions are Americans; but Chinese are given full scope. The ideal of the Rockefeller Foundation is that this great institution should ultimately be turned over to the Chinese and become a self-supporting Oriental institution. But that day

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seems far away. The very perfection of the present equipment and organization seems to put the institution beyond the present Chinese capacity. Even after several generations it is doubtful whether the Chinese can improve so much faster than other nations that they will actually catch up with the Occident. To do this would require that they become sufficiently skilful and careful to conduct a great medical school in accordance not only with the present high Occidental standards, but with the still higher standards which by that time will have been evolved in other countries. Yet if the Union Medical College is to accomplish the greatest work for China, it ought to be a Chinese and not a foreign institution.

The Chinese at present seem perfectly willing to let foreigners pay the bills, and control the medical school, but the signs of the times suggest that they may soon want to run the institution themselves, and will even supply the money if America will no longer do so. How strong this tendency is appears not only at Amoy University, as we have already seen, but in many other instances. At Tientsin, for example, a poor teacher, single-handed, and with no backing except a strong will and a great desire to serve his country, has built up a college which is said to be of very high grade. At Nanking I visited Southeastern University, where the government has established an institution which in a very real way parallels our State universities. Under the able leadership of Doctor Kua it seems to be forging ahead on liberal and sensible lines. Its staff, like that at Amoy, is mainly Chinese who have been educated abroad, with a small sprinkling of Americans and Europeans. Of course all these institutions are still new, and it remains to be seen whether they will continue to maintain high standards.

At Fuchow, where I stayed a week, I saw another phase of the modern educational movement. Now it so happens that the Church of the Redeemer, at New Haven, Conn., to which I belong, supports some missionaries there—Mr. Peter Goertz and his wife—and had recently contributed $5,000 to build a school in the neighboring market town of Diong Lokh. When Mr. Goertz met me at the Pagoda Anchorage in a broadening of the winding, mountain-rimmed river, fifteen miles below the city and twenty miles from the sea, he surprised me by saying:

"We must go at once to Diong Lokh. The school is to be dedicated."

Then he explained that the date for the dedication, and for a convocation of teachers, had been set before my letter arrived, but had been postponed to permit a representative of the Church of the Redeemer to be there. A trip of an hour or two up a winding river in a launch belonging to the American missionary hospital at the Anchorage, and a walk of a mile or so across rice-fields and through narrow stony streets, brought us to the mission compound. I was especially interested to find that the old school-buildings consisted of an ancestral hall and a temple, rented for the purpose. A quarter of a century ago such "desecration" by Christian Chinese led to the Boxer troubles. Now no one thinks anything about it. But the hall and the temple were about as poor and cramped quarters as one can well imagine for a school where young boys sleep, eat, study, and play. Picturesque gray walls and overhanging upturned eaves do not compensate for damp earthen floors and sleeping-rooms with no windows.

The new school is utterly different, a big, airy three-story building with plenty of dormitory space for boys and teachers on the upper floor where they get wonderful views of mountains, groves, terraces, and rice-fields. The lower story contains light, airy classrooms, and the basement a kitchen, wash-room, dining-room, and gymnasium. Think of it, only $5,000 for a building seventy by ninety feet in size, that will hold a hundred boys as boarders without crowding, and has classrooms for twice as many.

The dedication was most interesting. The embarrassed Chinese "monitor," who is really assistant principal, picked up the school-bell and gave it a clang or two to bring us to order. The boys at once began setting off firecrackers, but were persuaded by the American principal to postpone them till the end, when there was quite an eruption. After songs by the school and remarks by two American missionaries, a Chinese pastor, a local magis-

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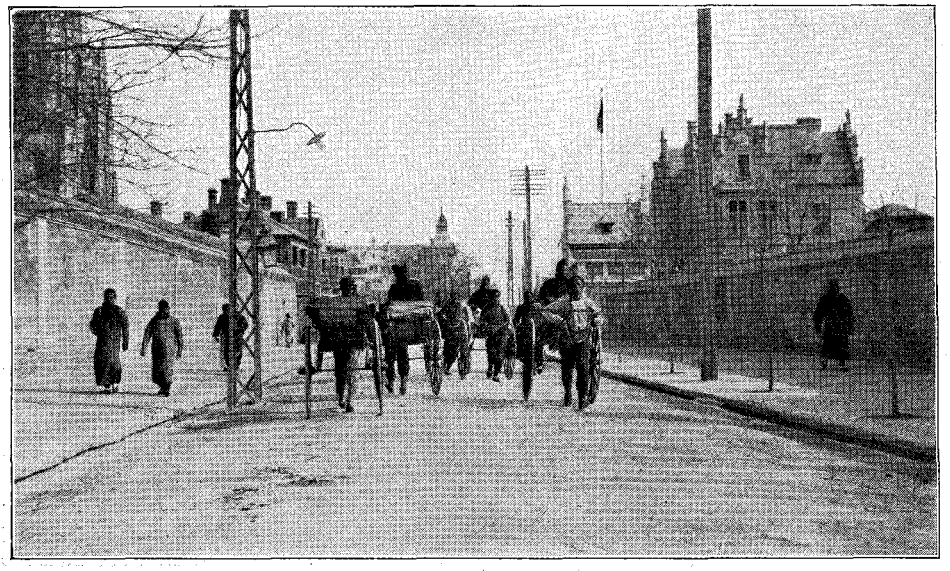
trate, and the visitor from America, the "monitor" went around among the audience, inviting everybody of any importance to speak. He included women, not only the Americans, but the Chinese



The modern invasion of China by the West at Legation Street, Peking.

teachers. He appeared a bit embarrassed, and so did the Chinese women when they refused to speak, but such embarrassment is rare.

During the exercises the boys wandered in and out to a degree that seemed quite unnecessary. Although the school is only of elementary grade, the boys range from twelve to eighteen years of age. Many are married, probably about twenty per cent. Exact figures cannot be obtained, because it has ceased to be good form to be married so young. Relatively they behaved very well, for in schools run by Chinese the boys often do about as they please. It may seem impossible, but the Chinese of all ages appear to surpass even the Americans in self-confidence. This was evident in the wave of revolt which led to student strikes all over China a few years ago. Shortly before my visit to Fuchow the same spirit induced the Fuchow students—in the Chinese, not the missionary, schools—to decree that within two years the village women should remove from their hair the three small swords which symbolize their right to defend themselves. It was a most stupid decree, for the swords are as harmless as neckties.

The same spirit of self-confidence perhaps accounts for street-signs like this one in Peking:

TUNC AN PHOTOGRAPHER
ATTRACTIVELY ENLARGED

Here is a better one from Shanghai:

MO YOUN ZUNG
SHIP PLUMBER BLACKAITH COPPER
MIRK ENGINEER SCELE
AND STOVE REPAIRS ELECTRIC WEIR
BELLS ALWAYS ON HAND
ELECTRIC THEETRE A SRECIALY
FLOODGTEETS

I defy any one who knows English to interpret the whole of this sign.

It must not be supposed that Chinese self-confidence is primarily a bad quality. On the contrary, it may be most delightful, as we saw at Diong Lokh. On the evening before the dedication, about thirty Chinese teachers, half men and half women, gathered at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard to see a play given by schoolgirls ten to fifteen years of age.

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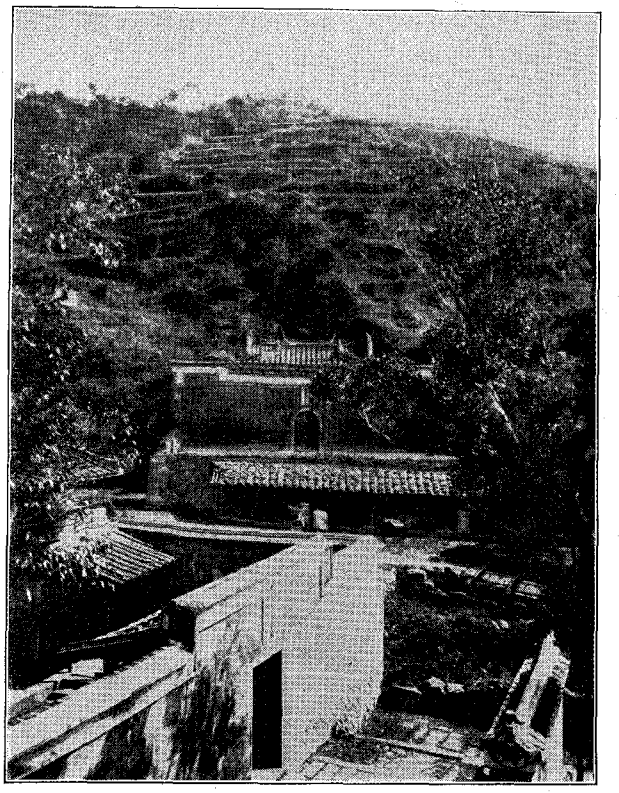
One of the American teachers, Miss Cutting, had told a story in English to a Chinese teacher. The teacher told it to the schoolgirls. It was the story of the childless old woman who made a gingerbread boy so toothsome and delicious that she wished it were a real child. Presto, the child is real. When set to work it runs away. The farm-hands try to catch it and eat it, the old woman going to market does the same, and so do the pig, the dog, and the monkey. After hairbreadth escapes it decides to return home, and help the old mother. After the story was told, parts were assigned, and the girls began to rehearse, each making up her own part. Some scenes were rehearsed only once, and in two days the play was produced. That it was funny to look at I can testify. That it was amusing to hear was testified by the hearty laughter of the spectators. The really surprising thing, however, was the revelation of Chinese character in the young girls themselves and in the young teacher who introduced the play before the curtain was drawn. Those little girls presented their parts with a dignity and poise which were truly admirable. The young woman, a teacher, was not pretty, but charming. She stood there in the graceful waist, short skirt, and white stockings which are here the dress of the educated woman. Her black hair was drawn neatly back from her forehead and coiled in a knot at the back of her head. As she smiled, her dimples kept showing. She talked as simply and with as little show of embarrassment as if she were merely speaking to a friend. Half her audience consisted of men, and foreigners were numerous enough to be disconcerting. No young American woman could have done better.



Old temple formerly used as school at Diong Lokh.

Right in the middle of the play the bumptious side of Chinese self-confidence popped out again. Two girls managed the curtain by holding up a sheet. When a bell rang, one girl walked across the stage carrying the sheet. When the act was ended, she walked across the stage again to get the sheet. A young man in the audience, a mere spectator, thought it would be better to drop the sheet, making it work vertically instead of horizontally. He motioned frantically and vainly to the girls, and kept it up for two or three acts. It was none of his business, but like most Chinese and Americans he thought that he, and he alone, knew best. One is reminded of the saying of Safed the Sage that "The Overalls of the Mechanic were much spotted with Places where there was no Grease." In the same way, Chinese character is so much overlaid with self-confidence that the underlying fabric of modesty appears only in spots. This is another case where the Chinese are much more like Americans

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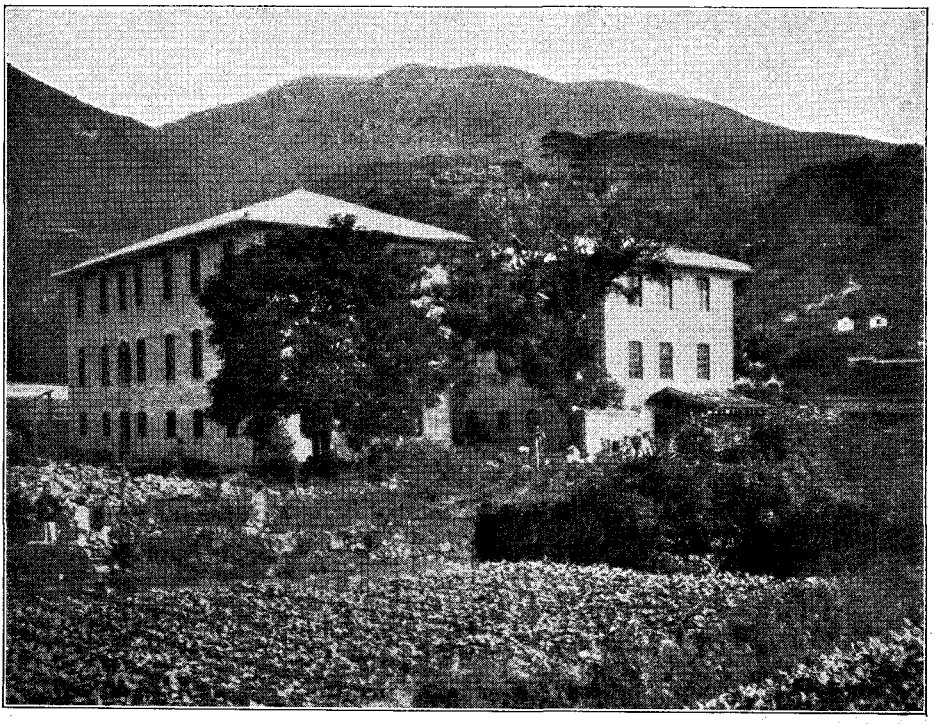

American Mission School Building at Diong Lokh.

than like Japanese. As I sum up the impressions of my recent journey, I am surprised to find how often this fact is borne in upon me.

One of the most interesting problems in Chinese education is the relation between foreign and native institutions. At present China is gripped by a strong desire to do things for itself. Foreign influences, and especially American schools such as Canton Christian College, Peking University, St. John's College, at Shanghai, and Yale in China, at Changsha, have aroused the Chinese leaders to the point where they are both willing and able to do much more in some respects than the foreigners can do. Thus, Southeastern University, at Nanking, has a financial backing quite impossible for its Christian neighbor, Nanking University. The latter, like many of the best in China, is an undenominational, co-operative effort supported by practically all the missions of the district. Such institutions are urgently needed. Not only are they quick to feel new movements in foreign countries, but they insist upon character as the prime essential, whereas the Chinese institutions pay little attention to anything except the purely intellectual. Co-operation and friendly rivalry between Chinese and foreigners are of vital importance. But how shall they be fostered? On the one hand, how can the Christian institutions maintain their ideals, and attract the best students? They have not the money to employ such eminent professors, or to equip such good laboratories and dormitories as have the schools supported by the government or by the private benefactions of Chinese like the merchant at Amoy. On the other hand, how can the Chinese universities become suffused with the spirit of public service? How can they escape that deadliest of Chinese faults, the selfish individualism which grasps everything for self, and neglects the welfare of others?

It seems to me that the Chinese institutions have far more to gain from the missionary colleges than vice versa. Nevertheless, the old classical Chinese education was not so bad as many people think. Formerly I looked upon it as utterly useless, a mere test of memory, but it was much more than that. In spite of its rigidity, and its insistence upon mere memory, it accomplished two great pur-

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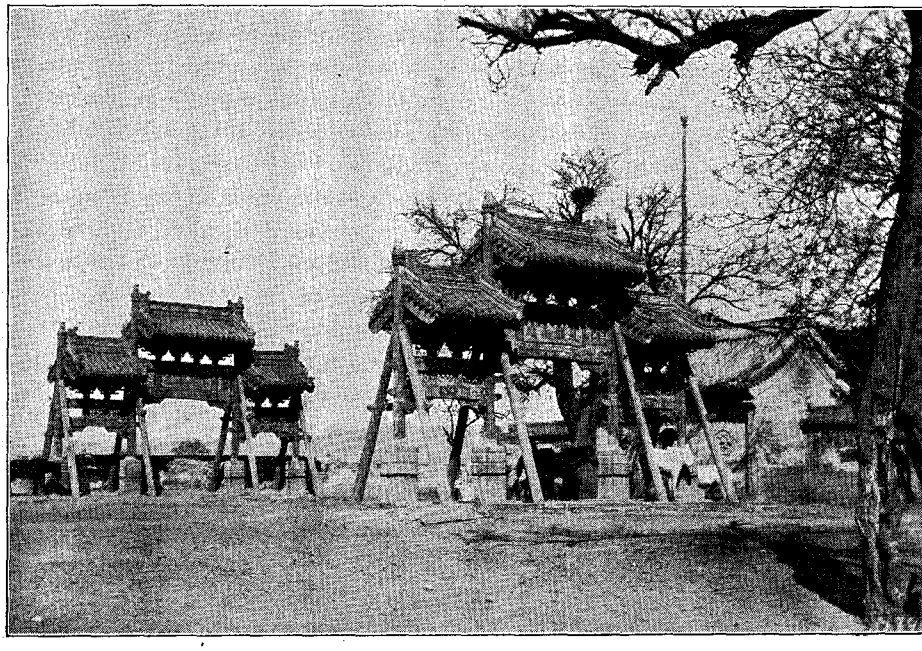
poses. It provided a very strenuous training, and it selected for official advancement a type of man possessed of certain very strong qualities. To pass the gruelling Chinese examinations required not merely a good memory, but great determination, great power of organizing one's facts, and considerable synthetic ability in putting those facts together to meet the requirements of the examiners. The grinding, crushing drill of the old examinations rejected all who failed to possess a high inborn endowment of such traits. In spite of all its faults, the old Chinese system probably sifted out a group of men having an intellectual caliber higher than that of the average man who gets a degree from the new universities.

One of the greatest needs of China today is to unite three great aims; namely, to preserve whatever is good in the old Chinese culture, to give the fullest scope to modern intellectual movements, and to infuse high ideals into the future leaders of China. This cannot be done by having three sets of higher institutions of learning, whose main devotion is respectively to the old Chinese ideals, to modern science in the broadest sense of the word, and to moral idealism. Yet that is what is in danger of happening. Doctor E. H. Hume, president of Yali (Yale in China), suggests a most interesting means of avoiding this danger. His ideal, as yet only half formulated, is that the future university of China should consist of a group of colleges, as at Oxford and Cambridge in England. Each college should be dominated by its own religious, social, or scientific ideals, but all should form parts of a closely organized whole, and should profit by the same staff of instructors, the same university equipment, and the same incentives toward high ideals and self-sacrificing public service. Under such an arrangement the daily life of the students and their social contacts would be largely controlled by their colleges, while they would share an intellectual life and a set of ideals set up by the university as a whole. How feasible this may be I do not know. But what could be more inspiring than the vision of a China dotted with great universities in which all sorts of colleges, Confucian, Buddhist, Taoist, Catholic, Protestant, and eclectic, all work together in friendly rivalry under a single intellectual guidance? Under such a system the great ideals of Confucius and China might blend with those of Jesus and Christendom.



Sacred Chinese arches.

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Loons on Lake Umbagog, New Hampshire.

American Museum of Natural History.
Designed and mounted by Jenness Richardson, Sr., background by Hobart Nichols.

Masterpieces of American Bird Taxidermy

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IT is a pleasure to contemplate the beautiful and instructive groups of American birds that are to be found safely housed in the museums that stand as monuments of wise endeavors along the way between Brooklyn and San Francisco.

The sculptors and the painters have nothing on the men who made them. Beside the awful raw materials and the handicaps of the group taxidermist, the clay of the sculptor is a luxury, and the canvas of the painter is a bed of roses. But we hasten to point out that in group-making the painter now is the strong ally of the taxidermist, and with him the honors must be divided.

In the development of natural history museums a stage has been reached wherein the habitat group is imperative. The museum is behind the times that depends only upon shelves filled with banks and rows of specimens singly mounted upon pedestals or perches of polished wood. Such collections have good scientific value, and decidedly are not to be denied or ignored; but distinctly they are not all in all. They are for the student and the scientist, and the hurried casual visitor cannot stop to spell them out. He must take his instruction on the run, and for

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him the habitat group is indispensable. In it he reads in one good look lessons of a dozen different kinds. By it the great outdoors and its wealth of living things is brought literally to his feet, and if it fails to awaken and interest him, so much the worse for him. He that hath not the love of nature in his breast, and is not moved by concord of habitat groups, is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.

It is quite logical to look for masterpieces of bird taxidermy among the large habitat groups of the zoological museums. Inevitably, the group represents a supreme effort, in collecting, designing, and execution. Therein do we find the utmost results of which the operation is capable, the utmost limits in attitude and poses, and verisimilitude of free wild life.

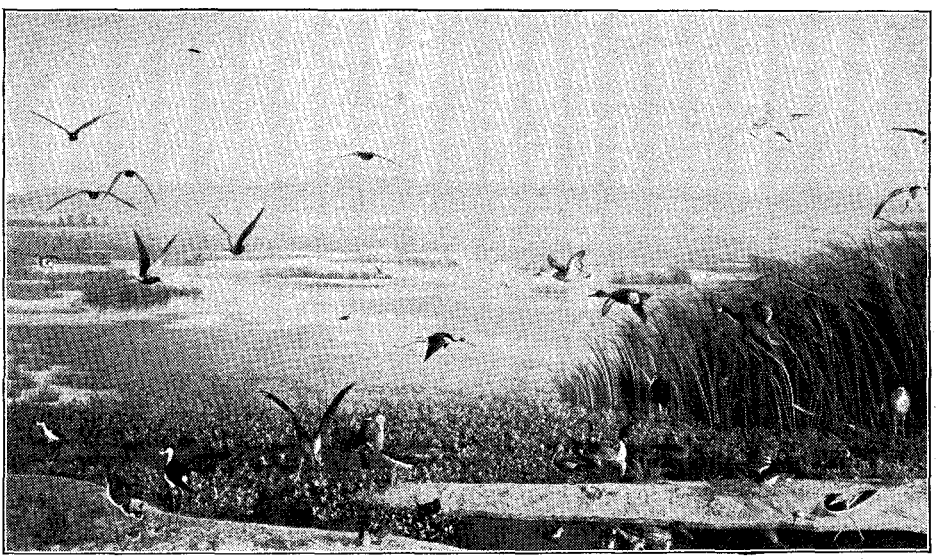
According to the originality of the designer, the accessories do, or do not, count heavily; and who is there who will say that a thoroughly successful habitat group, either with or without a painted background, is not a work of real art?

In 1878 Professor Henry A. Ward brought to his Rochester establishment a really wonderful bird taxidermist. It is inadequate to describe Mr. Frederic S. Webster by any smaller term. From 1879 to 1882 we worked side by side in the "large museum," and I now write of what I saw.

Even at that early time there were in America a score of men who could mount fresh birds exceedingly well, but with old and mummified "dry skins" their limitations were many. The skill of Ward's foreign taxidermists in dry skins was strictly limited.

But to Fred Webster, ancient bird mummies had no terrors whatever. He received them with outrageous confidence, sometimes tinged with contempt, and sailed through them with a display of cheerfulness, precision, and speed that was fairly amazing. His knowledge and skill never missed fire. The small skins he soaked into disreputable masses of wet feathers and bones, mounted them, fluffed them up, and wound them, at the rate of from four to eight per day, just like shelling peas. With larger skins that seemed to defy human skill, he was equally successful; and if you don't believe me, ask Doctor Frederic A. Lucas.

Now, all this happens to be important history, because of the rich fruit that it bore in our American museums. Thanks to the open-shop spirit created by the unterrified S. A. T. (Society of American



Summer birds of the San Joaquin Valley, California.

Habitat group in the American Museum of Natural History.
Mounted by H. Denslow, background by Charles J. Hittell.

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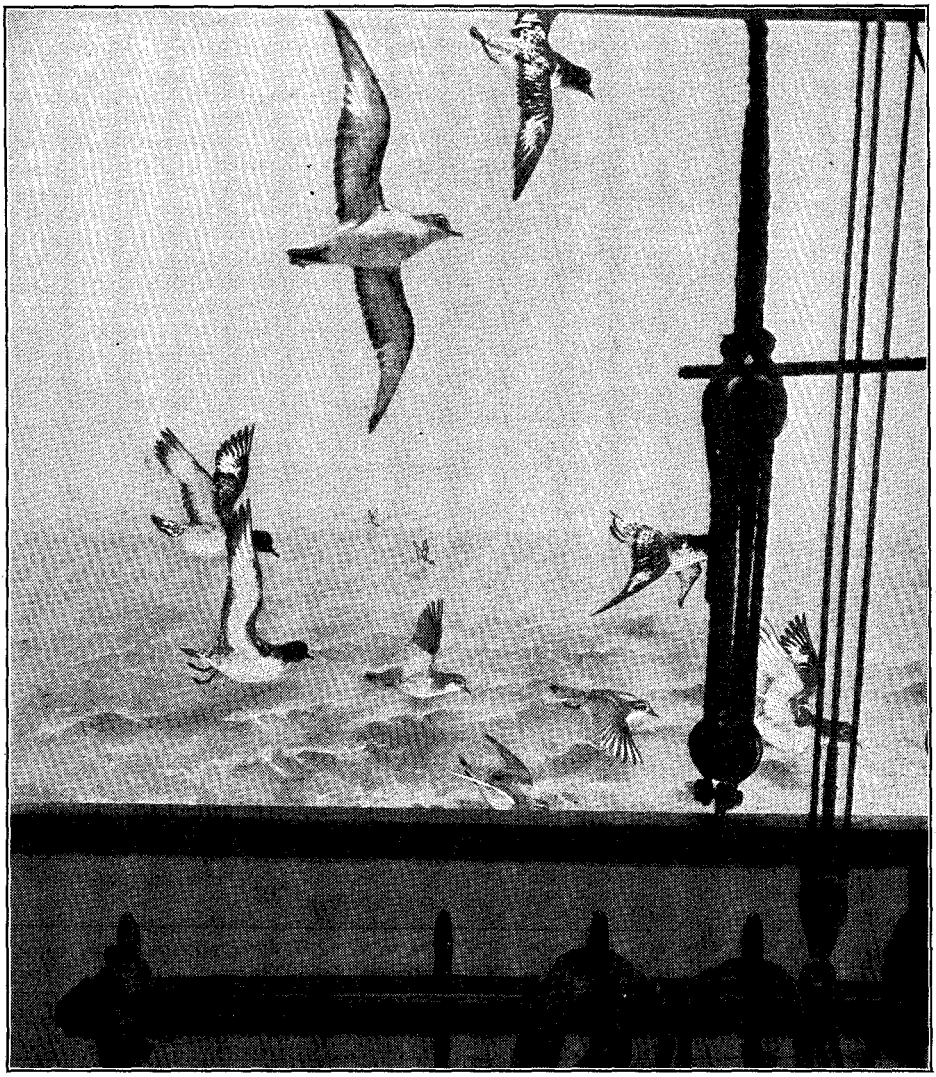

Cape pigeons and whale-birds following a ship.

Brooklyn Institute Museum.
Designed and mounted by Robert H. Rockwell, background by H. B. Tschudy.

Taxidermists) eliminating all desire for secrecy in methods, Mr. Webster taught his processes to a long line of younger men, who practised and passed them along during the remainder of their lives. Finally, in 1892, Mr. Webster's methods were enshrined in an abounding book called "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," and by Charles Scribner's Sons were sent down the corridor of time, for the benefit of the museums of the world.

Of all our American zoological museums, great, medium, and small, perhaps nine out of every ten of them began to upbuild themselves on foundations of "stuffed" birds. I could name at least a score in evidence. Of all materials for the amateur museum-builder of the earlier days, birds were most plentiful, cheap, and satisfactory. It was the bird taxidermists who were first in the field, and down to 1880 they mounted little else than the easy and accommodating skins of freshly killed specimens.

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The mounted group of birds in three dimensions, with plenty of accessories both real and artificial, and at last a well-painted landscape background, is the last word in bird taxidermy. It is the supreme effort of a skilled and versatile artist to bring beautiful birds and their most picturesque haunts as close-ups of nature to the very finger-tips of the pent-up city millions who long to go afield but cannot. Now, thanks to the co-operation of men and women of intelligence as well as means, the best of the results that have been achieved in American museums are natural, artistic, instructive, and beautiful.

When you give yourself up to the illusions that such works of art place before you, you smell the woods perfume of the Adirondacks with the ruffed grouse, the pungent resin of the Southern pine with the wild turkey, the aromatic sage-brush with the cock-of-the-plains, and you hear the surf-beats and the scream of the gulls on the bird-bearing cliffs by the sea.

The vanished passenger-pigeon.
United States National Museum.
Mounted by Henry Marshall and Nelson R. Wood.

The first efforts of the Society of American Taxidermists to promote bird groups met with such pronounced discouragement from the three judges of the Rochester exhibition that the complete success of the idea was postponed from 1880 to 1887—seven long years.

In the spring of 1888 Mr. Morris K. Jesup visited the United States National Museum, and the writer had the pleasure of showing him the groups of bison and coyotes that opened the road. His admiration was generous and undisguised, and then and there he declared his intention "to have groups for the American Museum." The writer's chief assistant, Jenness Richardson, Sr., then fairly in his stride as a qualified taxidermist, soon was offered the position of chief taxidermist in the New York Museum, and sorrowfully we bade him go and make good.

In a very short time Mr. Richardson was at work on a series of small-bird groups, and also the great thirty-five-foot-long group of American bison.

Jenness Richardson, Sr., wrought diligently on that pioneer series of small-bird groups. He collected all the material, he mounted all the birds, and at first he made the green-plant accessories. Eventually, the artificial leaves, plants, and flowers, produced by a slow and tedious casting process, were made by Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mogridge.

The first twenty groups produced by Mr. Richardson consisted of American song-birds. Being of the four-sided type, they were without landscape backgrounds. The proletariat was delighted with them and asked for more. Although those groups were exquisitely done, the taxidermic work involved was not of an exacting kind. It was not until Mr. Richardson designed and mounted his great loon group, showing the shore and waters of Lake Umbagog, that he struck twelve, and set the pace that ever since has been maintained in the American Museum.

The loon group is a masterpiece, and among American bird groups it played the same road-opening service that was performed for mammals in the National

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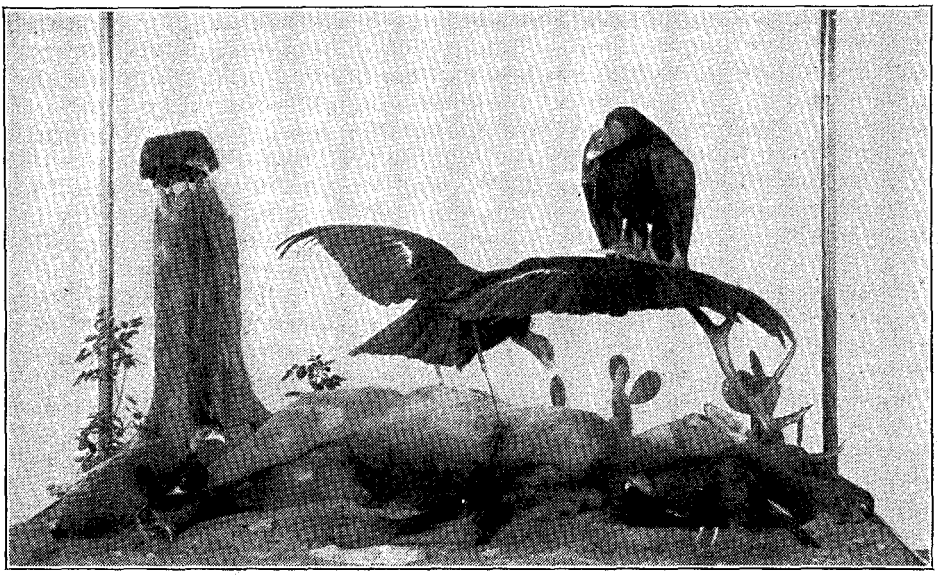
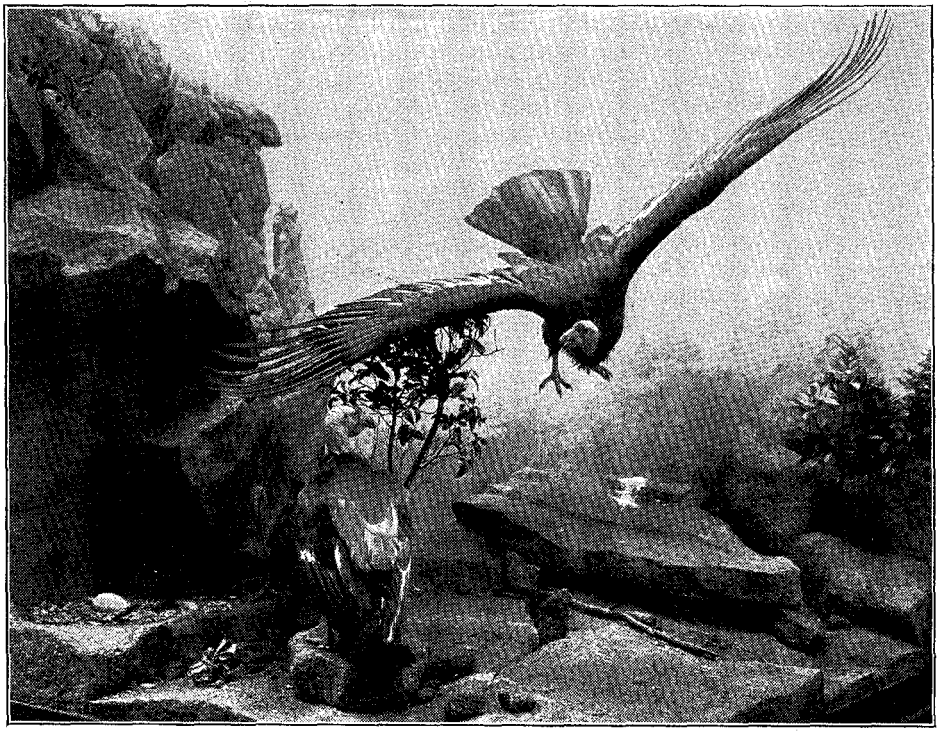


Condors and turkey vultures and a dead elk.

Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh.
Designed and mounted by Frederic S. Webster.



The California condor.

Field Museum of Natural History.
Mounted by Julius Friesser, background by Chas. A. Corwin.

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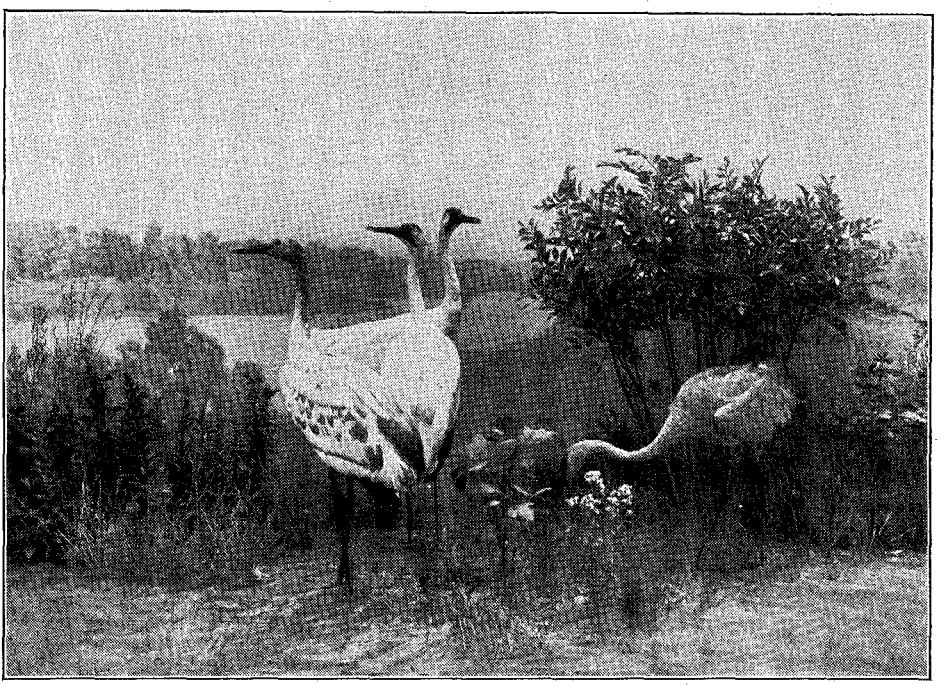
Museum, in 1887, by the group of American bison.

To-day the American Museum displays an exceedingly fine collection of large, medium, and small bird groups, in agreeable variety. The largest and the most notable are those containing "The Loon," "Summer Birds of the San Joaquin Valley," "The White Pelicans," "The Birds of the Canadian Rockies," "The American Flamingo," and "The Sea-Birds of Bird Rocks," Gulf of St. Lawrence.

To my mind the American Museum group entitled "Summer Birds of the San Joaquin Valley" is particularly fine in artistic qualities, perfectly balanced, and thoroughly pleasing. At one glance it tells the story of California's most lovely valley and the richness of its bird life at its most charming season. The outdoor effect is perfect and the birds are excellently done. Every picture like this is calculated to inspire in the beholder a love of birds and a desire to protect them from slaughter.

Where is the ocean traveller who has not been entertained and charmed by the companionship of the gulls and terns, or, better still, the albatrosses, petrels, and frigate-birds that elected to sail along with his ship? Can we ever forget the sea-birds of Puget Sound that acted as our escort toward Victoria?

Mr. Robert H. Rockwell, of the Brooklyn Institute Museum, has commemorated this charming sea-bird habit in a delightful group. The bulwarks and rigging of a ship, faithfully reproduced, and the rolling sea overside, give to his group of flying Cape pigeons and whale-birds a startling degree of verisimilitude, and we salute both the good idea in the design and its excellent execution. If this group does not make every landsman yearn for a sea-voyage, nothing will do so. Mr. Rockwell's analysis of the attitudes of sea-birds in flight is an admirable contribution.



The whooping and sand-hill cranes.
Field Museum of Natural History.
Mounted by Chas. Brandler and Julius Friesser, background by Chas. A. Corwin.

So far as we have observed or learned, the United States National Museum was the first museum of America to begin to make habitat groups of mammals and birds because species were threatened

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Bird life at Heron Lake, Minnesota. Close-up showing detail.

Zoological Museum, University of Minnesota.
Collected and mounted by Jenness Richardson, Jr.

with extinction. That was the enacting clause of the bison group.

To-day, out of the habitat bird groups in the National Museum, I would be recreant to my trust if I should fail to offer here the group of passenger-pigeons. However, not even the total extinction of a species would justify the selection for this exhibit of any poor, or even mediocre, taxidermic work. This group of a vanished species stands squarely on its own merits. Does it not carry you straight back to the magic and marvellous plates of Audubon's "Birds of America"? Right well would this group have pleased that master, had it been made in his day.

I commend to other American museums the desirabilities of this particular group. To-day many people are asking: "What does a passenger-pigeon look like, anyhow?"

In the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh there is a fine bird and mammal group that now should be of unusual interest to the millions of American sportsmen, tourists, and others who know the elk-herds of the Yellowstone Park. It is Frederic S. Webster's flock of condors and vultures contemplating a dead elk. It suggests with stunning force the steadily accumulating tragedy of "the Jackson Hole elk-herd" that every November wades through the deep snow from the Park down to the Jackson Hole country, only to find barren grazing-grounds. The fertile lands of Jackson Valley are all fenced hay-ranches, and the foot-hills, once well covered with grass, have been grazed bare by herds of cattle.

The Carnegie Museum group is most timely, as well as a fine piece of work. Look at it, fellow Americans, and remember that our wild elk are going, in spite of all that is done and attempted to succor and to save them. Those elk are a tough problem.

The Field Museum at Chicago is a great institution, and in need of no shower bouquets from me. Nevertheless, it is a profound satisfaction to see that along

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with its other achievements it is developing a series of habitat bird and mammal groups on a scale of excellence quite worthy of one of the greatest cities of America.

The Field Museum has three large bird groups that are particularly superb. I have not seen any in their class that surpass them. They represent "The California Condor," "The Wild Turkey," and "The Whooping and Sand-hill Cranes." Each is an unqualified masterpiece.

The dramatic composition of the condor group is very impressive. It is very simple in composition, but the magnificent swoop of the alighting bird is thrilling. "The Wild Turkey" group will send thrills throughout the nervous system of every lover of the woods and of the wonderful birds still found in some of them. We can smell the dead leaves and the rich humus. In a moment "The Crane" group takes us away to the prairies of Alberta, where a very few unexterminated whoopers still find sanctuary during their breeding-season.

These three groups naturally suggest the question: Why is it that more of our museums do not make more groups of these important, spectacular, and vanishing species of birds?

Laysan Island bird group. Rookery of sooty-backed terns.

Museum of the University of Iowa.
Collected and mounted by Homer R. Dill and others, under the direction of Professor C. C. Nutting.

The largest and by far the most spectacular of all the world's habitat groups of birds is to be seen in the museum of the University of Iowa, at Iowa City. The great Laysan Island bird cyclorama was developed because of the vision and enterprise of Professor C. C. Nutting, director, and Homer R. Dill, then chief taxidermist, who saw a golden opportunity and felt that it was too good to be lost. They felt that other bird groups might come, even from the ends of the earth, but the people of Iowa and the Middle West should be given one grand opportunity to see a star-spangled island in the far-off mid-Pacific Ocean, and a sea-bird's paradise, inhabited only by birds.

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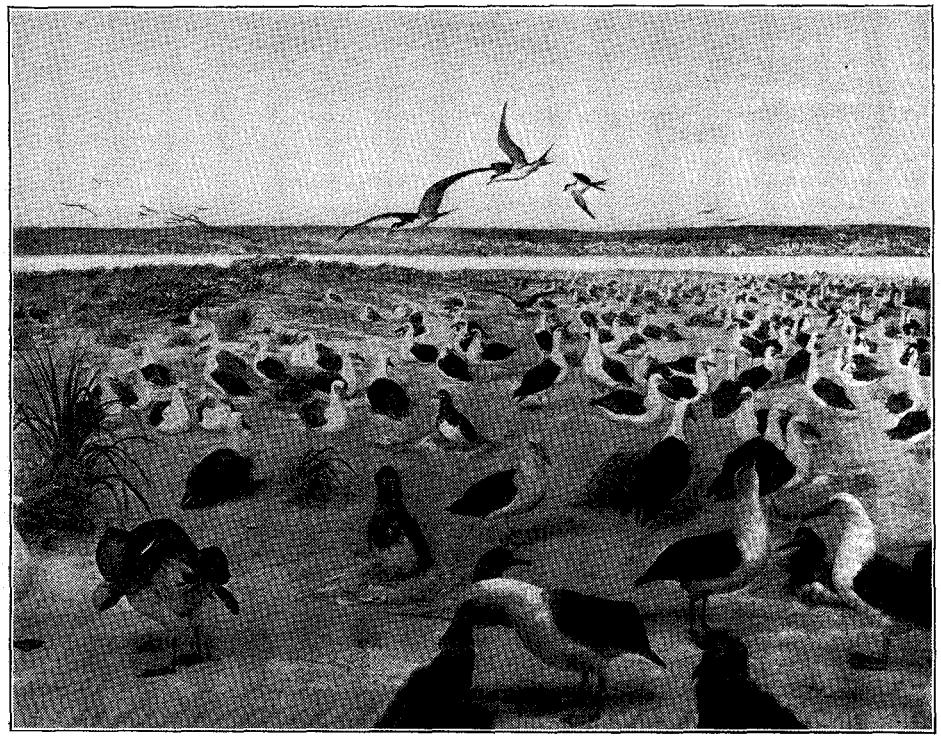
Laysan Island floats on the broad bosom of the tropical Pacific, 700 miles northwest by north of Honolulu, and to reach it you must go under your own steam. To it the university sent Mr. Dill at the head of a competent corps of collectors. The undisturbed birds were studied, and enough specimens for the group were collected. The island was mapped and photographed, and quantities of vegetation were taken and preserved.



Laysan Island bird group.
Main rookery of the Laysan albatross.

The Laysan cyclorama depicts the shores and the hinterland of the island, and if any Laysan bird species got away unrepresented, we have not yet heard of it. The largest, most numerous, and most important bird is the albatross. The total show of ocean bird life is most impressive. There is a great array of Laysan albatrosses, gannets, terns, petrels, shearwaters, man-o'-war birds, tropicbirds, and long-legged shore-birds. The varied features of shore and surf and sand-dunes all are there; but of course it is a practical impossibility to reproduce here the entire ensemble. Out of ten sectional photographs we present three that fairly indicate the scope of the work. The group occupies about 800 square feet of floor space. The painted background is 138 feet long and 12 feet high. The outside circumference is 138 feet, and the visitor's view is from a glass house in the centre. The total number of mounted birds is *about two hundred*, representing 25 species.

It must be stated here that the University of Iowa Museum contains a remarkably successful "Louisiana Swamp" group full of snowy egrets, and groups of large mammals such as American bison, white-tailed deer, puma, and Atlantic walrus.

For the benefit of many American boys who are thinking about taxidermy as a career, I am now going to say something of particular interest to them. It is this:

"The longest pole knocks the persimmons."

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And Professor Homer R. Dill is the only man I ever knew who studied hard and worked diligently for two entire years, without even a trace of "salary," to fit himself to fill a responsible position as a taxidermist of the first rank. A friend of his laid out a course for him, and he followed it out in every particular. And now mark the sequel:

No sooner had young Dill completed that course, and fitted himself to fill a worth-while position, than the University of Iowa announced its intention to appoint a chief taxidermist for its museum. There were twenty-four applicants, and some of them were mighty good men. In an open and fair competition, Dill won the prize, and made good. Now he is by right of election "Professor Dill," and director of the museum.

Incidentally, the only educational institution in America (so far as known) that gives a regular course in taxidermy and museology is that same University of Iowa, which has graduated into those fields more good men than I have space to name.

The State of Minnesota is famous as the home of a great defender of wild life, the late Senator Knute Nelson, and for its possession of many great marshes and lakes that serve as breeding-places for water-loving birds. Because of this breeding-ground asset a great museum group to display it is very much in order. Naturally, the best place in which to seek such a group is the museum of the University of Minnesota.

Laysan Island bird group.
South end of main albatross rookery.

Now, even under the best conditions, a large and truthful marsh group is a mighty difficult subject to handle; and so is every large swamp group. The danger lies in too much vegetation and not enough visible bird life. On that rock many a good bird group has struck, and split wide open. Any group that is 99 per cent accessories and 1 per cent birds or mammals is not a success.

For the University of Minnesota, Jenness Richardson, Jr., has collected and

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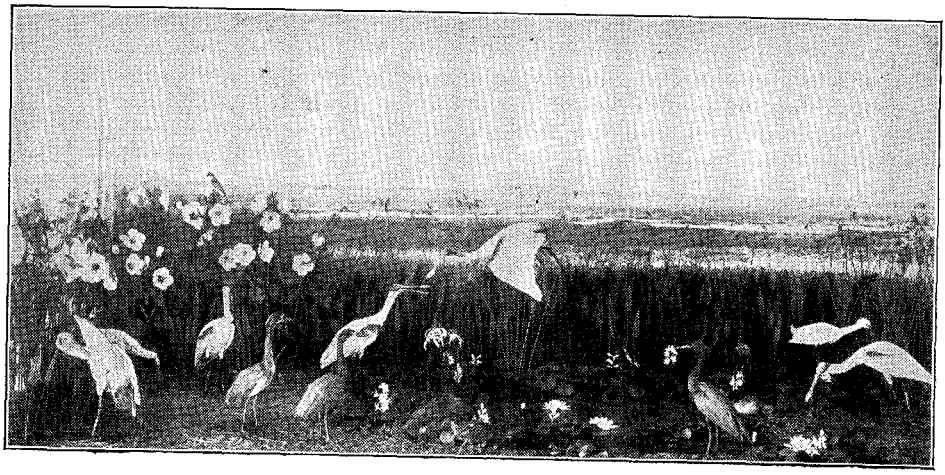
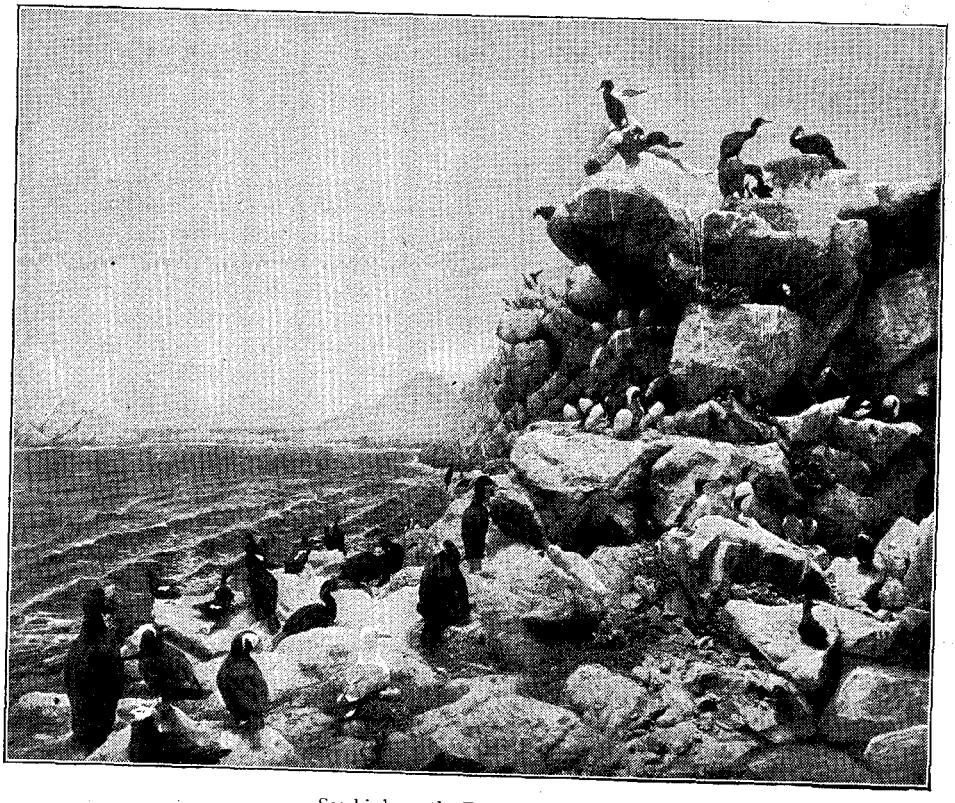


Summer marsh-birds of Louisiana.
Colorado Museum of Natural History at Denver.
Collected and mounted by John D. Figgins.

made, under the direction of Doctor Thomas S. Roberts, the Heron Lake bird group; and it is a fine success. The painted background fits perfectly, and the picture of it all looks just like a good photograph of a real marsh, made from a blind when the birds were at home. The special purpose of this work is to show how marsh-loving birds live in peace, and in safety from hawks, owls,



Sea-birds on the Farallone Islands.
Museum of the California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco.
Prepared under the general direction of Doctor Barton Warren Evermann, director.
Mounted by John Rowley and Paul J. Fair, background by Maurice G. Logan.

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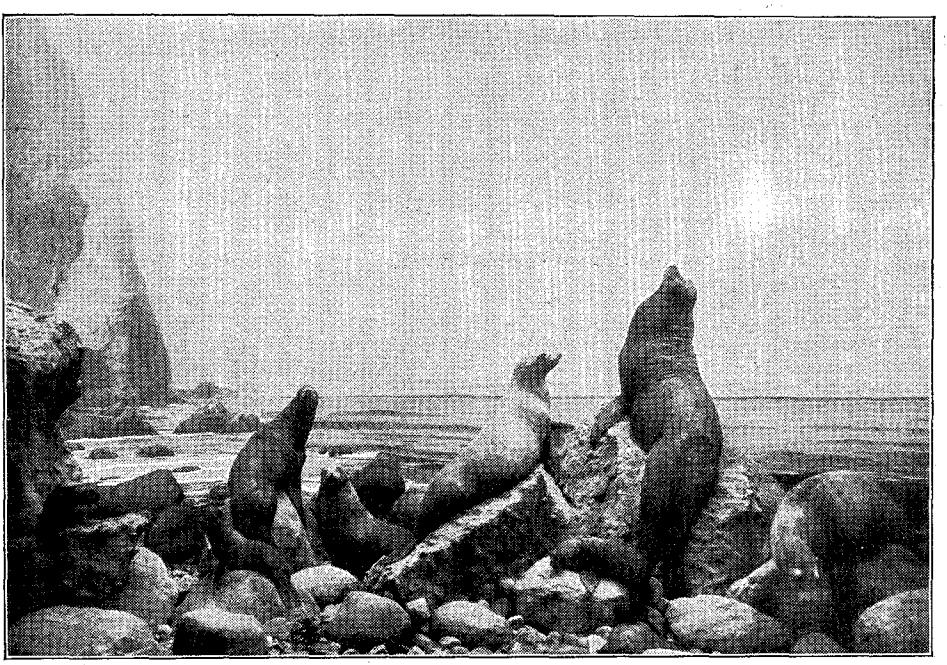
and other vermin, among the friendly cat-tails and reeds.

Wise birds are these, and lucky, too. And we pity the unhappy birds of Oregon and other States nearer home whose swampy shelter-havens are being madly drained and destroyed.

One drawback to the preservation in books of fine bird groups of great length is the impossibility of reproducing them. For example, consider the truly great and beautiful group of "Summer Marsh-Birds of Louisiana" in the Colorado Museum of Natural History at Denver. It is reeking with roseate spoonbills and woodibises, both of them species that thrill every bird-lover who has the good fortune to see them in the great outdoors. This group is twenty-eight feet long, and what it needs is a magazine page with a type bed sixteen inches wide—a size rather hard to come by.

But half a reproduction is better than no picture, and as a matter of fact the composition of this group is so good that it would come near to holding its own on a postage-stamp. We are glad to see Louisiana thus placed on the map of the bird world in the geographical centre of the great West.

The presentation of our exhibits by natural geographical progression from East to West is logical and fairly necessary, but it is not wholly satisfactory. It leaves to the last a truly great collection of mammal and bird groups, of first-rank importance, to be found in the Museum of the California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco. Therein will be found a grand array of habitat groups representing the splendid Pacific fauna from Alaska to San Diego, and every American who knows his California well knows the mountain, valley, and coast-rock faunas that demand representation.



California sea-lions.
Museum of the California Academy of Sciences.
Mounted by John Rowley, assisted by Paul J. Fair and Joseph P. Herring, background by Worth Ryder.

I regret that by reason of a mischance none of the mammal groups of the California Academy were included in my previous article in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July, 1922. As a desirable supplement we here present the group of "California Sea-Lions" that is in every way worthy to represent the Academy and the Golden State.

Out of a fairly bewildering array of bird

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groups we select without even a moment of hesitation the grand and imposing composition of sea-birds, rocks, cliffs, and thundering surf depicting the famous Farallone Islands, just beyond the Golden Gate. It is the last word in groups of sea-birds, and it shows how the bird fauna of mighty California ends, on the picturesque Farallones, literally in a blaze of glory.

Owing to various circumstances beyond his control, the taxidermist rarely receives from the public that he serves the rewards that are due him. The painter and the sculptor can sign their works, good or bad, and send their names rumbling down the ages. Of the admirable picture or statue the intelligent beholder promptly asks "Who did that?" But with taxidermic work it is different. It is only one visitor out of every 10,000 who asks the name of the man whose brain and hand evolved it from the raw. In the best museums the curators take pains to credit the taxidermist on the labels; and in America this practice was inaugurated in 1883 in the National Museum by Doctor G. Brown Goode.

In all save a very few conspicuous cases the salaries of taxidermists in museums are much too low. If the pay in appreciation is small, that in the monthly envelope is still less. For the "versatile cuss" whose many-sided genius produces a beautiful group that will endure for at least two hundred years, there is nothing but a pittance of pay, that only just decently feeds, clothes, and amuses him during the weeks or months that the thing is actually wrought upon. For the rainy day there is next to nothing; and one of the saddest sights you can see in respectable toil is a man past sixty who by poverty is compelled to go to daily toil in a hard and exacting business.

Live While You Live

BY LEE RUSSELL
Author of "The Crisis in Education," etc.

IT is a noteworthy fact that two acute and observing foreigners, visiting this country at periods of time a generation apart, should have been impressed by the same deficiency in American lives, and should have suggested, in the sole address which each delivered, the same remedy.

Herbert Spencer came here in 1882, travelled extensively, met many men of note, and observed, with his usual keenness, the lives and habits of our people. Just before his departure he was given a complimentary dinner in New York. In his address on that occasion he gave his impressions of the people of this country, and in characteristic fashion admonished them to mend their ways. He found, he said, an intensity of application and a complete absorption in the mere making of a living and the piling up of wealth such as no organism could stand. We had made our lives so one-sided in this way that we had neither time nor taste for other things, for those matters of culture, refinement, contemplation, and recreation which add so much to the joy and beauty and healthfulness of life. So he urged us to practise the gospel of relaxation, not only for what it might give us in addition to what we had, but also to bring about greater efficiency in the business of life. We had had, he thought, somewhat more of the gospel of work than was good for us.

A generation later, in 1919, Viscount Grey of Fallodon made a similar visit of observation to this country. His apparent object was, in part, to gain such first-hand knowledge as would enable him to understand us and to interpret us to his countrymen. He brought to the task a mind no less acute for the purpose than that of his distinguished predecessor. Though trained in a different school, his ability to see into the heart of men and things was of a high order, and there can

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be no doubt of his sympathetic attitude. Like Spencer, he was here to observe, but was persuaded to give one address, that before the Harvard Union.

Of all the subjects on which he might have spoken, he chose "Recreation." One is led to believe, from the earnestness and detail with which it is treated, that this selection was made because he thought it to be that, of all others, which his audience most needed to have presented to them. His treatment is wholly different from Spencer's, but the basic thought is the same. In order to lead an efficient life, in order to be able to do our best for ourselves and for our country, we must be happy in that broad sense of the term which is implied in these four things which he considers necessary for happiness:

"The first is some moral standard by which to guide our actions. The second is some satisfactory home life in the form of good relations with family or friends. The third is some form of work which justifies our existence to our country and makes us good citizens. The fourth is some degree of leisure and the use of it in some way that makes us happy."

I gather that Lord Grey used "happiness" and "happy" in the wide and serious sense one would expect of a man who had led a life of service and duty. He went on to enlarge on the last point, and to show that leisure and the ability to use it wisely are essential to a happy life. He considered in some detail various forms of recreation; he showed how vital is the right use of leisure to both happiness and service. He cites Roosevelt as a man who, through recreation, was able to give his best service to his country and to live a happy life.

Now it is not for nothing that these two men, so different in training and temperament, coming to this country at times so far apart, should, in their kindly criticism, hit upon the same national defect. It must be true. Many of us must be so ordering our lives as to fail to make the most of our powers. It will, therefore, be worth while to examine some aspects of the case to see where we are in error.

If there is any one dogma which prevails in this country to-day it is that unrelaxed and unsleeping effort is necessary to success. It is held that to be a really successful lawyer or engineer, merchant or manufacturer, one must eat and sleep, lie down and get up with his business. No function in life may interfere with it. The "business luncheon" seems to have been devised by the man who "feeds his face" the while he concentrates his mind on "doing" his neighbor. Even the "quick lunch" takes time, so a widely advertised patent food is put up in tablet form, to be eaten at the business desk itself. Men have telephones at their bedsides and may be called up at any hour of the night. A surgical operation is submitted to only *in extremis*, because of the time which must be lost from work.

It is true that there have arisen recently those who are addicted to some form of so-called "recreation"—golf, farming-by-proxy, motor trips, or the like. These group themselves in two classes. If young, the affair is taken up with a solemn seriousness, and not infrequently for the sake of getting in touch with those who may be useful in business. If older, it is taken in prescribed doses, like the "Deadly Dozen" of physical exercises, and is supposed to counteract years of bodily misuse in some magical way. Both of these groups are regarded by the unregenerate majority with some distrust, as having given up the highest success by allowing something to interfere with business. In the main, business is held to demand one's complete devotion during all the hours of the day and all the weeks of the year. The idea underlying this belief, its philosophy, if such it can be called, seems to be that work and play are incompatible, that a man must be so thoroughly absorbed in his work as to exclude everything else from his existence. While he is young he has the idea that a time will come when, having accumulated a competency, he may retire and spend the rest of his days in play. As he gets older he comes gradually to realize that his capacity for enjoyment has atrophied from lack of use, and, in addition, his measure of what constitutes enough on which to retire has changed. When we were boys, my friend and I gravely calculated that ten thousand dollars, invested to give an income of five hundred, would be ample to enable us to enjoy life on a small farm we

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had in mind. My friend at length bought a farm for ten thousand dollars, spent another ten thousand in stocking it, and reckoned that with fifty thousand invested, he could live on it. When he had the fifty thousand he sadly realized that he had lost the ability to enjoy the sort of life he had hoped to lead on that farm. His complete absorption in his business had brought about the atrophy of his finer faculties.

This, as I look at it, is the distinctly American philosophy of life which Herbert Spencer and Lord Grey saw and deplored. No one can deny that it succeeds in doing the thing it sets out to do. A man of fair ability who will follow the regimen is reasonably sure of a competency by the time he is sixty years old. He must be willing to pay the price, and to accept as the measure of his success the prevailing standard of dollars and cents. He must play the game with due regard to its rules, but he must be ruthless, both to himself and to others. As to whether this standard is a true one, as to whether the game is worth what it costs, either to the individual or to the race, there is evidently room for a difference of opinion. Our own experience is too short for us to judge from it alone, and we are too near to be able to see it all in true perspective. We must go back to our predecessors on this planet to see what they have made out of life.

Able men have led strenuous lives throughout all the ages. Wise men have pondered on the significance of life with no less acuteness than we of to-day. While it is the fashion now to feel that we are in a New Age wherein new measures alone are valid, it is only in a superficial sense that this is true. Our material progress has obscured the fact that the essentials of life for the individual man are the same as they have been for some thousands of years. If one looks at the vividly realistic portrait busts of Roman men and women which have come down to us, one sees with conviction the same *stigmata* of life which we ourselves bear. Intelligence, resolution, energy, reflection, sympathy, tenderness, all are there. Dignity and serenity, no less than grief and suffering, left their marks on man then as now. Those age-old instincts and emotions which are strong in us because they were strong in our remotest ancestors, still rule. We are alive to-day because they preserved the race in the past; they will be no less essential to its survival in the future. It is possible that we may have wandered somewhat from the path marked out by the development of mankind. There is a current saying which intimates that it is possible to "beat" any game devised by man. This may be true of man's devices, but the whole history of life on the earth is strewn with the wreckage of races which tried to "beat" the game of life.

If there is one thing upon which all philosophers agree, even from the remotest times, it is that man's happiness and true success depend more on what he is than on what he has. The whole noble Stoic philosophy of Greece and Rome is a varied harping on this one string. Socrates said: "How many things there are in the world that I do not want!" Epictetus divides all things of this world into two classes. In the one are things over which we have control, what we, ourselves, are. In the other are what we cannot control, what we possess. All his teaching is to the end that his disciple may make the most of the former, and learn to ignore the latter, for he shows that the one has true worth, and the other only a spurious and counterfeit value. That remarkable diary, the "Reflections of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," is one long record of a man's communion with himself in the effort to attain a greater mastery over what he is, and to hold a true notion of the comparative worthlessness of what he has. The much-misunderstood philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, devotes one of his most interesting essays to the same theme. In the delightful volume which Mr. Bailey Saunders has translated as "The Wisdom of Life," Schopenhauer, conceding that most of us are here on earth to live our lives out, examines into what should be the course and attitude of the wise man who would make the best of a bad bargain. The titles of his chapters are significant: Personality, or what a man is; Property, or what a man has; Reputation, or a man's place in the estimation of others. He shows, with his usual wealth of illustration, that all enjoyment and use of the last two categories depends on the first;

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that what a man is in himself governs the use and pleasure he may derive from property and position. To take as violent an antithesis as possible, even so incorrigible an optimist as Sir John Lubbock has to make the same admission, for he says in his "Pleasures of Life": "Happiness depends more on what is within than without us."

It would be easy to go on and set forth many more examples from those superior intellects who have in the past reflected on the meaning and method of life, but these, so diverse in time and place and outlook, will serve to give the point of view. They seem to show that perhaps we, in this country, in our struggle for the means may have lost sight of the end. We seem to have wandered from the straight path pointed out by the wisdom and experience of the ages. Perhaps we are following a track which earlier explorers have found leading to disaster. At any rate, Mr. Spencer and Lord Grey think that we should leave it and get back to a more rational way. There are many thoughtful men among us who are of the same opinion, and there is evidence that, in a dumb, inarticulate way, most of us agree with them.

We have the vacation habit, but for fifty weeks in the year it is held in check. We attend exhibitions of sports and games in which we take a vicarious part, our interest being kept alive by a thinly disguised commercial propaganda. Our automobile trips are passive, a mere whirl through regions we know would be beautiful if we could stop to explore them. The automobile and the moving-picture theatre seem to have come expressly to the call of the tired business man. In both he may sit still. In the one he is rushed by the scenery, in the other the scene is rushed by him. In both cases the speed is such as to preclude reflection or even thought. But these are not real recreations of the spirit. That is what we seek, that, and the enrichment of our internal life, our power of reflection and enjoyment. It is hard to prevent their being submerged, either by business or by these substitutes for recreation which so crowd in on us.

In order to make the way somewhat easier, it will be well at the outset to get rid of the fallacy that life can be divided into two parts, one all work, the other all play. Life is whole and indivisible. It is lived for itself by each several one of us, and from birth to death, our feelings and activities condition all we do. Many a feather-headed flapper has thought that, somehow, after marriage, she would be a different woman. Young men still sow wild oats, in the belief that, somehow, they can avoid reaping them. It can't be done. Even in the cradle, habits and reactions are formed that are never got rid of. Many maladjustments in later life have been traced back to ideas or obsessions acquired before the age of five years. There are no emotion-tight compartments in the mind. Free intercommunication amongst all the phases in which we live—rest, work, play, meditation, feeling, action—makes for balance and sanity. We may and must select groups of major and minor interests, which, when set off against one another, with a just emphasis on each, produce equilibrium.

This leads us then to the conscious cultivation of our abilities. In theory and in practice, in work and in play, we must nourish and fertilize those habits and reactions which will tend to bring forth and develop the latent powers which are within us. Reserving a due proportion of time and energy for the culture of enjoyment and appreciation, we may so diversify our interests as not to twist or warp them in any one direction. Stevenson has said that

> "This World is so full of a number of things,
> I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

While we may have some doubt as to the happiness of kings in these days, we should all agree that there is so great a diversity of delightful things in the world that he who cannot interest himself in something must have a very dull mind. If we begin to expose ourselves to a variety of influences, we shall pretty surely find some of them affecting us favorably. Happily, children are endowed with an endless exploratory curiosity which leads them to enjoy all sorts of experiments and experiences. If they are given half a chance they will find, even in the dullest city, stimulating possibilities, and in the country a multitude of activities open to them, all, city and country alike, urging on to new and unheard-of searches in this

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mysterious world, and, especially, to trials of their own powers. The whole world of books is also open to them. The habit of reading is formed on what one wants to read. Selection and taste will come later, according to capacity and intelligence.

While in the young the instincts supply a sufficient incentive to new reactions and diversions, as we grow older these become more or less repressed by the conventions and inhibitions of the class and station in life in which we find ourselves. Lord Grey laid some stress on the necessity of planning ahead for the use of our leisure. Still more desirable is it, then, that we should so plan as to have this time for which to prepare. He gives a remarkable instance. While President Roosevelt was still in office, he was arranging for his hunting-trip to Africa, to be followed by the tour in Europe. Though this was still two years in the future, he had so timed it as to reach England in the spring in order to hear the English birds in full song, and wished to have some one who could go with him to their haunts and tell him their names. This Lord Grey was himself able to do, and when the time came, fixed on two years before, the ex-President of the United States, and the secretary of state for foreign affairs of the British Empire, left, the one, the receptions, dinners, and acclaim of that triumphal progress, and the other, the onerous duties of his office, to spend two days alone listening to the bird-songs in which both delighted.

In this day of "efficiency" and "planning," one might think that we would leave a preconsidered time each day and week and year for recreation. But observation of one's acquaintance will show that few do so plan, and that fewer still carry out such plans as are made. I commend the example of a busy physician, converted to this gospel by the signs of overwork, who has steadfastly kept one afternoon a week for the needed recreation. No call, except in case of life or death, is allowed to interfere, and the result, in his improved condition for work, enables him to give to the community he serves far more than he takes away.

The scheme, then, is the first step, and its carrying out the second; when we have so arranged our affairs as to have leisure, it is well to know how to use that time so as to get the most out of it. But in our desire for "most," we have to guard against the contagious megalomania of the time. My neighbor counts that holiday lost whose low-descending sun views his car less than two hundred miles from its starting-point. Parties now "do" the whole White Mountain region in one summer day. I find a ten-mile walk meets my every need. It is obvious that in this each must decide for himself, though there are some general principles which may guide our choice, and large and varied groups of activities among which we may select what best pleases us.

Our most absorbing interests lie in those fields which are dominated by the primitive instincts. While these are often overlain and hidden by the trappings of civilization, they still govern the subconscious mind and reinforce our conscious desires and actions. The preservation of the individual is one of the strongest of our instincts, and around it cluster innumerable functions, often seemingly remote from the impulse itself. Our interest in sports and games is one of these. Warfare is the ultimate in this direction, but all tribes and nations have devised substitutes for it in various forms of competition where man is pitted against man, or against the forces of nature, or even against himself. The solitary golf-player, striving to beat his own best score, is enjoying a form of warfare against himself, peaceful though he may look to the unenlightened eye; when he is playing with another, while the game is the same, the interest is keener because of the competition. The nearer we come to personal, hand-to-hand conflict the greater the excitement, until, in football and boxing, the struggle is almost too fierce to be recreation, and may be indulged in only by trained men.

In considering the forms of competitive games some will be found to suit the needs of each individual, adjusted in their demands to his physical frame, his age, his tastes, and his purse. While strength and vigor are desirable, there are many games which may be played by those who are not strong, and where men of nearly equal ability are matched, each may receive benefit without overexertion. The avail-

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ability for frequent and constant use should also be considered. Whatever restricts in this sense is a drawback. Such games as can be played only in an elaborate setting, or with a large team of players, are, therefore, less desirable than those needing simpler means for their exercise.

The instinct of acquisition, the love of collecting merely for the sake of accumulation, is another deep-seated motive, the satisfaction of which serves many for recreation. If the things collected have a wide appeal and universal significance, one may have in their study engrossing pleasure, as well as the society of others similarly interested. A lawyer satisfies his acquisitive instinct by collecting fine pictures; this opens up the whole domain of art, leads him into new fields of literature and life, and insures him a relief from the strain of his work wherever he may be.

Hunting and fishing lead us back to our primitive ancestors who had to hunt and fish in order to live. These sports, and their near relative, camping out, are, therefore, deeply embedded in our nature, and the fascination they have for many people makes them among the best forms of recreation. They may be followed from youth to age, in company or alone, and they bring us into close contact with nature. One of the most hopeful signs of the sanity of our people is the recent increase of the vogue of camping and tramping in the open air. The summer camps for boys and girls and the "Scout" movement, as well, are giving the coming generation a taste for out-of-doors which will be of great value to them as they grow up. The disadvantage of these sports is that they can be indulged in only at long intervals and often only at much expense. I know a clergyman, however, who took his tent out to a secluded field or wood and enjoyed twenty-four hours of camping each week during the summer.

Whatever sport one follows, it must not be overlooked that one will get much joy from the planning of trips and the invention and making of devices during the closed season. The care of guns and fishing-tackle is a great delight in winter. My father and I once spent much time in inventing a portable camp-stove. Like Thoreau's wood-pile at Walden, it warmed us twice: first while we were devising its many perfections and adjustments, and again when we built a fire in it in camp. Lord Grey tells us that so great is his enjoyment of the sport that he spends much time during the closed season in fishing favorite pools in his imagination.

The occupations of our leisure must be interesting or capable of becoming so on cultivation. They should suit our tastes and genius, and should be such that physical disabilities will not be likely to interfere too much with their enjoyment. Defective sight would be a bar to some forms of sport, deafness to others, but many may be found which can be followed in spite of these, or worse, defects. Henry Fawcett, the celebrated English economist and statesman, though accidentally blinded at twenty-five, continued to row, skate, tramp, and even to fish, during the rest of his life.

It is of some advantage if we can select for our play such pursuits as are complementary to our work. If we are employed indoors, we should get out; if rigid attention is necessary in our work, our play may be of a go-as-you-please sort. If our business deals much with other people, we can enjoy solitude and reflection; if we work alone, then we may like better to play in company.

Some of our recreation may well have cultural possibilities which can be explored and enlarged. A busy housewife enjoys her flower-garden, which she cultivates with her own hands. She discovers that there are several elaborate arts involved in getting a suitable combination of colors and forms, in filling the space at her disposal so as to give æsthetic pleasure and make it harmonize with its surroundings, and in securing a succession of pleasing pictures throughout the growing season. A merchant takes up amateur photography. Not all photographs are pictures; he wants to know what makes the difference. This leads him to the study of art and artists. He learns that he must understand nature in all her moods if he would represent her with truth and feeling. He must know the processes he works in, and this means the study of physics and chemistry. Much of the charm of a landscape is due to the play of light and shade, the effects of cloud and mist, and this brings him to weather and atmospheric phenomena.

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His whole horizon and outlook are broadened, events all about him which he had hardly even sensed before take on a new meaning, and he sees endless vistas of future interests and cultivation.

Two forms of recreation are of almost universal appeal. One is the observation and appreciation of nature and the other the reading of books. They are available to youth or to age, to the poor as well as to the rich, at any season of the year, and for periods as long or as short as desired. Both present so great a variety that all tastes and fancies may be met. In these days of public libraries one may pursue any subject which has ever occupied men's thoughts and be supplied, free of all cost, with the material for his occupation or amusement. The resident in the remote country may have books sent to him by mail, and, grave or gay, the library is eager to satisfy his wants. Even if it is the study of life through those counterfeit presentments we call novels, the library is ready to give him the imaginative literature of all ages and all tongues.

When we think of the manifold forms in which nature appeals to us on every hand, it is remarkable that we pay so little heed to her call. From the sky above to the waters beneath she is teeming with beauties and mysteries. All times and seasons have their charm and their variety. Yet, for the most part, we pass through them untouched and unmoved.

"The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,
Little we see in Nature that is ours,"

is as true now as it was in Wordsworth's day. Knowledge of nature is wider and deeper than ever before, but love does not come of mere knowledge. There must be an inner and more emotional harmony for true love, that deeper appreciation which transcends knowledge. To some this comes by natural inclination, but if not, it is still a taste capable of cultivation. All of us have traces of such feelings, handed down by heredity. These rarely fail to develop, under encouragement, into vigorous interests, ready to become absorbing motives of study or diversion. Many valuable discoveries have originated in this way, through the play of some inquiring mind. Darwin, turning to the observation of earthworms as a relief from hard study, showed their unsuspected value to mankind, while his account of their habits proved to be the most popular of his many books. The memoirs of Darwin's cousin, Francis Galton, are filled with accounts of just such recreative studies. He spent much of his life in devising instruments, methods, and investigations, many of which have proved to be of great value and widespread use. The study of stars by amateurs has added much to our knowledge of the universe. The clouds have given me an always-ready field of observation and interest for many years. They never cease to present problems from day to day and from year to year, assuring me that so long as I can see I shall be able to uplift both bodily and mental vision above the earth and its cares. In photographing the clouds, delicate physical problems had to be solved. By making a collection of prints and lantern-slides of their varied forms, I have been able to give pleasure to many who might otherwise have failed to see their exquisite beauty.

There is, in addition to the joy of actual contact with nature, the pleasure of reading what has been written on the subject. Many lovers of nature have been able to express what they saw and felt in a form which has placed their writings in our permanent literature. Poetry and prose alike have owed their inspiration to her. Great minds of all races and times have celebrated their joy in the stars and the sea, the clouds, the earth, the birds that fly, the winds that blow, and the plants that bloom. Whatever our mood, whether we need consolation or cheer, the literature of nature will meet our every want.

When all is said, however, reading is, after all, but a passive joy. Second-hand knowledge is but a pale shadow of first-hand participation in the event. There is more delight in the discovery of what is new to us, even though it may be old to the world. The beauty of nature is always with us, it is varied and diversified beyond anything else we know, it responds to all that is within us. City or country, peak or valley, wood or prairie,

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none can fail to charm the eye and divert the contemplative mind.

This, then, is my plea. Let us cultivate our leisure. We have been, and still are, a nation of furious workers. Leisure has been so rare and even unwelcome among us that we have hardly thought of providing for it. The experience of other peoples has shown the necessity of relaxation and diversion. The bow that is always bent loses its elasticity. In the strenuous future that is before us we wish to do our part in the work of the world. We know how to work. Let us learn how to play. Then shall we *Live While We Live.*

Wentworth's Masterpiece

BY LOUIS DODGE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

(A poor young man writes a great play. A millionaire offers to buy it in order to produce it in his own name.—One of the Ten Syllogisms in "Plots and Personalities," by Slosson and Downey.)

I

"BUT I haven't any other interests," snapped the invalid, glaring at the man who sat opposite him regarding him with calm appraisal. "What could I be interested in now, after giving my whole life to steel and oil and transportation? I have never thought of anything else. I don't know anything else. They've been enough—until that damned stroke came. I tell you——"

"There, there," interposed the other man soothingly. "I know what you would tell me. Unfortunately, the time has come when I must tell you certain things—if you'll permit me, and if we're to get you on your feet again. It won't be difficult. We've simply got to get your thoughts into a new channel, away from the stress and excitement that have come near to wrecking you."

"Very well; what do you suggest?" The question was put not with the peevishness of an invalid, but with the barbed contempt of a sceptic.

Doctor Endicott moved to the window and looked down into the deep cavern where the city moved to and fro, pigmy figures whose comings and goings seemed meaningless. The whole world was a little ill, he thought, and he got no inspiration from looking down on the aimless crowds. He turned and glanced at the almost noiseless enamelled clock on his mantel. The hour of three had come, and he remembered that he had an appointment at that hour. And yet he could not dismiss the great financier before him until he had induced in him a more hopeful frame of mind. The man wasn't really destroyed—yet. He might beat back to health and strength if he could be brought to rational ways of thinking and living.

"I've been trying to think of the best thing to suggest," he said placidly. "There are a number of things——"

He was interrupted by a discreet knock at his door; not the door opening to his waiting-room, where a miscellaneous lot of men and women were always stationed, drearily waiting to speak to him, but the door to an anteroom. He arose and opened the door a few inches.

His assistant's face was visible. "That young Wentworth has come," announced the assistant. "You'll remember that you consented——"

The doctor, unperturbed, replied quietly: "Tell him I'll see him in a minute—and admit him this way." And then suddenly his eyes were lit with a peculiar fire which imparted a mysterious transformation to his immobile countenance.

He turned again to Hawking, the invalid financier. "How," he inquired with a faint smile, "would you like to write a play?"

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His famous patient bristled with scorn and impatience. "Why not suggest that I become a prima donna?" he retorted in his harsh, unsparing voice.

"He too has been burning the candle at both ends."

"Let me explain," said the doctor. "There is a youth outside waiting to see me. He will come into this room when you are gone. He will sit in that chair you now occupy. He will look at me appealingly for that which I cannot give him. He wishes to live. He is doomed to die. His fight will be over in a year—two years at the most. He is a pauper, and he is a genius."

"A pauper, and comes to see you?" There was a taunt in the magnate's voice.

"Yes. He has been a student in the university, where he has been working his way through by odd jobs—odd in more senses than one. He too has been burning the candle at both ends. His mind is like a divine flame, but his body is poor common dust. He has lost his fight; he is slowly dying. I have interested myself in him at the request of one of his instructors, a former classmate of mine. The instructor showed me a play the boy had written, and in my moments of relaxation I have read the play. I used to take an active interest in such things, and I can affirm—with his instructor—that the play is a masterpiece, a piece destined to win immortality. Unfortunately, the author will not live to enjoy his fame; he'll probably never see his play produced."

"Very well," said Hawking, "but what's that got to do with me?"

The doctor fixed his gaze upon space and his eyes were kindled again with the strange, almost malign, light which had come into them a moment earlier. "You might buy this play," he said.

"Buy it?"

"And affix your name to it, and have it

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produced. It would be an interesting experiment for you. It would bring you into contact with a group of persons who know nothing of oil and transportation—but who know other things. It would divert you. It might prove to be the very thing you need."

"Yes, and have the instructor—you mentioned an instructor—come forward at the psychological moment, as he would call it, and proclaim the real author's name and denounce me as an impostor."

"The instructor, I regret to say, was the victim of an automobile accident only a week ago. You may have read of it in the newspapers—a tragic case. He was killed instantly."

"But there must be others who know of this—this immortal masterpiece."

"No. The youth has made a profound secret of his great work, producing it, quite appropriately, in a garret, burning what is known as midnight oil. It is not identical with the oil of commerce."

Hawking's face became a study. He had been trained in a school wherein men take what they want, without caring too much about means and methods, so long as the corporation lawyer set up no difficulties. He did not know himself as an unscrupulous man, but only as a successful man.

"And you think it could be arranged?" he asked. In his heart he had long deplored the fact that he was known only as a man of money and of the money world, never as a figure of moment in the great and vague other world which hummed about him.

"By discreet management—yes. Let us see."

The doctor went to that anteroom door and opened it. An instant later he stepped back to make way for a youth who timorously entered the room.

So for the first time they confronted each other—the man who thought in terms of metal and dividends, the youth who thought in terms of lofty images.

Of the two, the youth was by far the more sadly in need of a physician's care. He was a mere wraith of a human being, a pallid-faced creature with stooped, narrow shoulders, and dishevelled hair which swept away from eyes that were as the vent for an agitated flame.

"Sit down," said the doctor softly, indicating a chair.

The youth found the chair with his hand, as if he could not trust his vision-seeing eyes, and slipped into it with a sigh.

"What ails the young man?" asked the financier, his lips a little pursed, his voice rasping, his eyes passing from a swift and careless scrutiny of the youth to the doctor.

The doctor smiled with an effect of condescending patience. He began leisurely, philosophically: "We do not always know precisely what ails men and women. It was a stupid device—the naming of diseases. The human body . . . it is like a cup, holding a certain amount of life. It is full, it is half-full, it is empty. An empty cup can be refilled occasionally, but there's no definite rule for refilling it. We physicians try this drug and that—and we talk a little." His smile deepened. "This youth here," he continued, "has used up all he had of a certain kind of life. His only hope now is to discover that he has some other kind of life. Can he discover it? Can I help him to discover it? That is now our question."

"But you said—" began Hawking sharply; and Endicott checked him with a cautioning hand.

"We have made no secret," said the doctor to Wentworth, "that you are steadily failing and that nothing but a miracle can save you. Fortunately, this gentleman here may be the means of bringing this miracle about."

The youth turned challenging eyes upon the magnate. Something in the famous man's very presence chilled and antagonized him. He flung his head back with a gesture of intolerant pride. Hawking, compressing his lips with instinctive antipathy, turned from him to the doctor.

"I have informed you," said the doctor, addressing the student, "that you must get away from your studies—knowing very well that you could scarcely do so. You obey your nature when you become the slave of your attic, your books, your classrooms—and we have never combated nature very successfully. But a new way out occurs to me. If you could travel the world over, entering the real atmosphere which is only reflected in your books, you might find your health again. I mean this: you need the open air and exercise. You need to stand, to walk up-

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right—to fill your cup again. I can imagine you taking up the trail of Odysseus, of Philip of Macedon, of Alexander the Great, of Herodotus—yes, and of Gautama and Confucius and Mohammed and Moses and Jesus. I can see you listening to the hum of a bee where Sidon stood. I can picture you strolling beside Eastern seas where the ancient galleys moved. Alexandria would lie in your path: I wonder if the old museum—the temple dedicated to the muses—still stands. And I can see you coming home at last a well man. I have pointed out to you your only chance."

Wentworth thrust out a lip of scorn. He waited, his whole presence vibrating antagonism, for the end of this fantastic jest.

"This gentleman here," continued the doctor, "has ample means; and"—he lowered his voice discreetly and did not quite cease to smile—"I think perhaps he would be willing to buy a play. He, too, desires to refill his cup."

Wentworth caught his breath; and glancing alertly from one of the men in the room to the other, he grasped the situation in full. He had the gift of visioning things, and, besides, there was a tell-tale boldness in the eyes he encountered.

"Perhaps," repeated the doctor, "he would be willing to buy a certain play that you and I know of. Outright, I mean. I am sure he would wish to pay a generous price. Such an arrangement would mean, I am aware, a sacrifice on your part; but when life itself is in the balance——"

Wentworth was making an heroic effort to control himself. He was wringing his hands slowly and looking at the floor. At length he lifted his eyes and looked only at the doctor. "Who is this gentleman?" he demanded in a weak voice.

"Ah—" began the doctor; but the magnate broke in sharply.

"Hawking," he said; "Hawking of Wall Street, of the oil world, of the railroads—of a million press despatches."

The student now stared at him incredulously. This little man, this poor wreck of a man, this the man of millions known to all the world?

"I'm hiding behind nothing," continued the magnate. "I'm trying to get back my health, just as you are. I need a change, the same as you. Doctor Endicott has spoken to me of a certain play. I'm willing to buy that play. But I want no silly misunderstanding. It's no new thing—and no disgrace—for men to buy and sell labor, to buy and sell the product of human brains. I've done that all my life. It's not my idea to win fame; I've no childish delusions. I'm not looking—just now—for dividends. But if I can get into the life of Broadway and into the circles of men I've never met before . . . well, Doctor Endicott here says that's what I need. And so I need a play. I'm willing to buy if I can find a man who wants to sell. Your play will answer if you care to accept a price for it."

Wentworth stared at the two men incredulously. It was a monstrous thing they were proposing—he did not lose sight of that fact, despite the doctor's ambiguous smile and the magnate's succinct and plausible speech.

"What price?" he asked at length, his voice breaking over the words.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" said Hawking—and brought his lips together in a straight line.

"Fifty thousand—" echoed Wentworth, and broke off. His face was like the face of a man who staggers, perishing, out of a desert, and falls in the shadow of a fountain.

"Half of that is for your play," continued Hawking sharply, "and the other half will pay you to keep my secret."

Wentworth gazed at him curiously; and presently he said, through dry lips: "The whole is the price of the play. I keep your secret without being bribed."

II

THE great Delando, most resourceful of the Broadway producers, put down the last act of "The Republic" and lifted his keen glance to the play-broker who sat opposite him.

"It will do very well," he said. "I want it."

"I was confident you'd see it," replied the smiling play-broker.

Delando fell into one of his swift, brief muses from which he always emerged with a more powerful grip upon his problems. "Of course," he said presently, "Hawking didn't write it."

"That had occurred to me, too," replied Holland, the play-broker, "yet I

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don't know. I suppose the making of vast fortunes is the most dramatic phenomenon in our American life—and in that sense Hawking certainly has been identified with great dramatic moments. I don't know what his early career was—and when you lack that information it's never safe to say what a man is."

"Of course it doesn't matter to me whether he wrote it or simply bought it," said Delando. He turned the manuscript over in his hands with a curious air. "This copy," he said, "hasn't been done by a writer. It has all the earmarks of a commercial typist: expensive paper, and the rigid uniformity of an expert who writes without emotional ups and downs; a crude mistake in spelling here and there, and no patient and labored alterations. Hawking has perhaps had the original copied in his office—as a method of keeping the author's name safely hid. But all that's none of our affair. No matter how he acquired it, it's no doubt his own property now."

"That, certainly, states the case in full," said Holland.

Delando sat a moment later in a manner of pregnant repose; then suddenly he assumed a brisk, practical air. "Of course," he said, "it will have to be taken all apart and put together again."

Holland knew much about the manner in which plays are produced—how, often, they are actually evolved in the hands of a stage-manager and during the processes of rehearsal. He waited undisturbed for the uncanny mind of Delando to reveal itself further.

"It will want a different title, certainly—something to attract attention. 'The Republic' would be a fatal handicap. A phrase describing the character of this woman Olympias, a tiger-cat if there ever was one. Ah—there we have the real title: 'The Tiger-Cat.'"

Holland nodded, musing, beginning to smile.

Delando abruptly demanded: "Where do you suppose a man like Hawking—supposing that he wrote this thing—got all these names—the people in the story—with that sort of Biblical flavor?"

"A classical flavor," amended the playbroker.

"It's all the same. We must change the names. And you can see the author had no idea of the proper business to get his situations over. He's provided little more than just a skeleton. But holy smoke!—what a skeleton! It can be given a modern setting—the whole thing translated into terms of modern life. It ought to knock 'em cold!" He fell upon the manuscript again, turning the sheets eagerly.

"His idea—Hawking's—I forgot to mention it before, is to have the thing produced anonymously, in a manner, and have the press-agents circulate the secret everywhere that it is his. He asked me if that could be managed, and I said it could—that I thought it might be a very good idea. His part would be neither to deny nor affirm that he had written the play, but to smile mysteriously when the question was raised."

"That would be good business," said Delando decisively. "And he'd agree—Hawking—to our whipping the thing into shape? Do you suppose he'd do that?"

"I think so. He seems curiously cold about the affair; he admits frankly that he wants to go into it as a diversion. He's had a breakdown of some sort, and his physician has prescribed the usual thing: diversion, getting away from his job—that sort of thing. I don't believe he'd bother you when it came to details. No, my idea is that you could handle him easily enough."

III

"THE TIGER-CAT" was produced on Broadway in November. A stupendous production had been made; it was widely heralded that a fortune had been expended alone upon the scenic investiture. The most famous builders and painters known to modern stage-craft had been employed and had achieved new heights of magnificence.

A woman hitherto unknown to the stage, but of commanding beauty and social eminence, the central figure in the latest divorce suit of international interest, had been persuaded to create the title-rôle. It was whispered—by means of every newspaper in town—that one of the gowns she would wear represented the last word in audacity and cunning.

A ballet of girls averaging sixteen years of age—a score in number—had been

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From a drawing by J. Scott Williams.

A spot-light was thrown on the box.—Page 286.

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advertised as supplying one of the high pictorial moments of the drama.

The promise was made that the mirror would be held up to life in the metropolis as it had never been before in the history of the American theatre.

The best press-agents to be obtained had been engaged, and they had done their work to perfection. When the curtain arose for the first time on the first act of "The Tiger-Cat," it was safe to assert that the greatest success—or the greatest failure—ever known to Broadway had been launched.

. . . At the end of the third act a faint, uncertain cry—rapidly taking purposeful, organized form—went up throughout the packed theatre:

"Author! Author!"

There was no response.

Again the call: "Author! Author!" And then the setting aside of restraint, and "Hawking! Hawking!" was the cry.

Still no direct response; but as if by prearrangement a number of persons in one of the lower boxes melted into the background; a spot-light was thrown on the box; and there in the fierce light sat, or crouched, a harsh-visaged old man whose brows twitched with an apelike puzzlement, whose eyes harbored a strange shyness, whose lips drew together in a thin, defiant line. And then the searching light faded.

IV

Two years later Hawking, the magnate, was back in his old place, his firm, rejuvenated hand on the helm of the ship of oil and steel and transportation. He was a well man. Doctor Endicott sprang to new heights of fame because he had restored his famous patient from a condition of complete collapse to perfect health.

But intimate associates of Hawking perceived that he was a new Hawking. He had been a homespun, simple man in nearly all his relationships in other days; now he regarded mankind not merely as pliable working material but as creatures to be despised. Added to the old egotism there was now the quality of bitter cynicism.

The play had been an unprecedented success. It had only just completed a run of two years on Broadway. A minor actress had been given the leading rôle and the production had gone on the road. Out of his royalties Hawking had made a great deal more than he had paid for the play; he was certain to make as much more.

But he had been brought into contact with what he conceived to be the intellectual, the artistic, phases of life, and he had not found them to his liking. He had always vaguely believed that there was something higher than the life he had known. He had had a sort of faith to sustain him, an anchor to hold to, a hope that in the future he might rise to a higher plane in the scale of human life. But this, as he now perceived, had been a delusion.

He had gone into strange places, into the life of Bohemianism, into the circles of art and culture—or at least he believed this to be true—and he had come away from these places and circles with a relentless contempt for them. He had been confronted and followed by crowds of persons who began by bewildering and annoying him, and who ended by driving him half frantic by their poses, their affectations, their lofty pretenses, their shameless idleness—in brief, by their essential unreality. He, who had been accustomed to a world where shams were weeded out swiftly, had gone down into a sphere where there was nothing but shams.

He had gone back to his own world, to associate with men who spoke crisply, who required watching, no doubt; who were often ruthless, but who were at least genuine, who knew what they were trying to do, who did not clothe life in silly mysteries.

V

Wentworth, the student, did not die. He disembarked at San Francisco, returning to his native land after a leisurely journey around the world, on the very night the New York run of "The Tiger-Cat" ended.

For him, indeed, a miracle had been wrought. He had regained his health—had filled his cup again—and he had developed from a student with a single ambition, an obsession, into a man with a sane sense of balance and proportion.

He had discovered that there are other things in the world than books; that books, far from being the most important thing in relation to men, were in fact one of the least important, a mere reflection of the things that count. He had no longer the desire to spend his energy upon

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written and printed words, but to read and know the hearts of living men.

At Benares he had associated for weeks with a quiet American traveller of obvious means. When they had parted, the traveller had asked Wentworth if he would care to accept a post at the head of the English department of a Western college in America, and Wentworth, enraptured by the thought, had declared that it would delight him to do so. Months later, at Kobe, he had received his official appointment to the post, with a request that he return to America and begin his duties.

It should be said in passing that he had not disposed of even one of the fifty bonds Hawking had paid over to him. The interest on them alone had provided him with all he needed, with an actual embarrassment of riches. He had lived simply, which is to say that he had lived wisely, a full life.

At the end of his first year abroad he had written a brief letter to Doctor Endicott to say that his health had been restored. He had received a reply from the doctor, who congratulated him upon his recovery, and added: "You will be glad to know that the play, which has been produced under the title of 'The Tiger-Cat,' has been a very great success." And he had added: "I regret to say that a number of essential alterations were thought to be advisable."

Arriving in San Francisco, he had only one immediate aim before reporting to his new employers, the governors of the college. This was to return to New York, to greet those of his old friends who might yet be there, including Doctor Endicott. He also wished to call on Hawking, the magnate, to thank him for restoring his life—though this visit, he reflected, would have to be made in secret.

In Chicago he rested for a day and night; and there, with a chance acquaintance, he left his lodging-place for a walk. It was November; the darkness had fallen early, and there was an area of floating mist about the street-lamps. The temperature was falling slowly, and crowds of men and women hurried to and fro, regardless of one another, along the wet streets.

Wentworth and his companion came abruptly into a region of ornate illuminations; and stepping outside the marching throng, Wentworth looked up to where the legend "The Tiger-Cat" was blazoned against the night sky.

"Let's go in," he said, with an almost compelling force in his tone, and he led the way.

His play! The work of his own brain and emotions, here at hand! He felt suddenly weak, unstrung; he shivered as from cold. His hands were trembling as he stopped at the window and paid for tickets; and then he proceeded, like a man in a dream, through the theatre lobby.

As he passed from the bright light of the lobby into the hushed obscurity of the interior, a hundred bitter-sweet attic nights came back to him vividly, and he perceived as from a remote height the student he had formerly been, writing his life away, catching a glorious phantom and making it real. He saw the little table and the chair and the narrow bed—yes, and the sputtering gas-jet against the wall, and the blistered wall-paper. He remembered how the dawns came—too soon, too soon!—and the chimney-pots among their nameless débris emerged from the gray obscurity outside his attic window.

And now his play, the fruit of his deep travail, the precious gift he had wrested from the valley of the shadow, was to be set before his eyes.

Standing-room in the gallery was all he had been able to obtain; but a moment later he felt that he was standing very close to paradise, there in that high place where he was warm and sheltered, where he caught the spell of the hooded lights and of the mysterious mass of men and women whose inaudible voices merged in a peaceful murmur.

And then the incredibly beautiful music of the orchestra. . . .

VI

THREE hours later, reeling with despair, with fury, he was down on the sidewalk again, plodding through the cold mist.

"Not ill, are you?" asked his companion.

"No—yes—that is, I—the air in there was horrible, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but not so bad as the play."

"No, not so bad as the play, certainly."

Buffeted by the wind, he plodded on a few steps; and abruptly he stopped and clutched his companion's sleeve. "You see, it was a travesty, an unspeakable

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travesty," he shouted; "a thing of gross vulgarity and cheap devices. But reflect a minute. Suppose it had had its setting back in the centuries before the Christian era—in Rome, let us say. Try to picture it if it had been done this way: the woman's name is Olympias—not Olivia. She is the queenly matron of another age—an age darker than the Dark Ages. Her son is Alexander the Great—and not that Wall Street vulgarian with those impossible, absurd diamonds in his shirt. Her husband is Philip of Macedon instead of that up-State herder with his nasal Yankee dialect of a purely theatrical conception and tradition. And Olympias possesses a genuine mystical strain, drawn from Egyptian influences, which appears in her worship of serpents. You must think of that instead of that indecent modern type—that Olivia—keeping serpents about her as a mere modern fad. And instead of the elegance of a Riverside Drive residence, you must think of the barbaric splendor of Roman arenas and of the chaste glory of temples. You can see what they've done all the way through; they've hired clerical hacks to write *snappy lines*. You can hear the producer saying: *A few snappy lines here!* Great heavens!" He released his companion's sleeve and brought his hands together sharply.

He heard an abashed voice say: "Let us walk on." He realized that he had been attracting attention. But he cried out: "Just a minute"—and he seized his companion's sleeve again. "And most important of all," he continued, "you must imagine a different meaning showing through the whole and coming out in the end; the great truth that material splendor and even intellectual power must come to the dust if they are not upborne by a spiritual foundation. That's the message! Yet that horrible, perverted thing back there took quite a different turn. Don't you see that I'm right? Oh, I don't mean to ask if you believe in the power of the spirit, but I only mean to ask if you don't think such an idea has true dramatic value?"

His companion suddenly laughed, and the sound of his laughter rose above the hum of the street. It was not two men quarrelling, after all—so the passers-by concluded. One of them was laughing.

Laughter is the shining shaft with which man overturns the angels. Wentworth, suddenly aroused from his dream, wholly subdued, murmured, "Excuse me!" and said no more.

They walked on a little farther and then they parted. Wentworth went on alone to his lodging-place.

His fierce arraignment against the producers found vent at last in a mood like that of a drunken man. Walking alone, he smiled. "Snappy lines," he muttered half aloud. "Snappy lines!"

Suddenly, his breast heaving, his head held high, his hands clinched, he stopped short. He had made a momentous discovery.

They had never produced his play at all!

VII

He was in New York again at last.

The morning after his arrival he entered the frowning door of a Wall Street office.

"If I might speak to Mr. Hawking," he said in a low voice.

"Did you have an appointment?" asked the youth who confronted him.

"No—I've just come back to town after a long absence."

"I'm sure it wouldn't be possible——"

Wentworth resolved upon a bold stroke. "Say to Mr. Hawking," he said, "that Mr. Wentworth, known to him as a student, wishes to speak to him in regard to a play."

A little later he was alone with Hawking in his private office.

He had had time to subdue his wrath, his despair, since that period of unspeakable discovery in Chicago. He said in an even voice: "I have come, Mr. Hawking, to return a loan which you were good enough to make me two years ago."

The magnate shot a penetrating glance at him. "A loan?" he said. "I know of no loan."

"Let me refresh your memory," said Wentworth; and he drew from his pocket a bulging envelope containing fifty bonds. "If you'll kindly glance at these, I think you'll recognize them."

Hawking recognized him then. Permitting the envelope to drop to his desk he said briskly: "Out with it—what did you want?"

"They are yours, not mine," said Wentworth. "I have come to return them."

"Why?"

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"You never used my play. The play that was produced was no more like mine than—than you are like me, Mr. Hawking. They are dissimilar at every point. I owe you my life because of the loan you made me. I am grateful to you for that. But I don't need your aid any longer. I have come to give you that which is yours."

The magnate smiled oddly. "That's precisely what Doctor Endicott said too—about the play being wholly different. Rather strange, I should say. Where did they get the play they put on?"

"It isn't—pardon me—it isn't a play," said Wentworth.

The magnate smiled coldly now. "At any rate," he said, "you needn't have any scruples about keeping those bonds. The play is paying me back double what I gave for it—it was a very good investment."

Wentworth nodded. "But—it's your play; at least, it never was mine. I bid you good day." He turned away without looking again at the parcel of bonds on Hawking's desk.

But Hawking detained him with a gruff, inarticulate sound.

"If we're to indulge in scruples at all," he said, when Wentworth turned, "we'll both play at the game. If you had something belonging to me, I have something of yours."

He turned and stooped and adjusted the combination of a safe near his desk. When the door swung open he removed a drawer, which he placed on his desk. He glanced among the documents it contained, examining this and that, and at length he took up the manuscript of Wentworth's play. After a second inspection—to make sure he was not in error—he held the manuscript forth to the astounded Wentworth.

"It's yours," he said. "Good-by."

VIII

THE next winter "The Republic" was reproduced—without a line of the original having been altered.

Wentworth had found a man, one of the intellectuals of the Great White Way, who was profoundly impressed by his play and who accepted it with eagerness. The production was made with the minutest fidelity to detail. A company composed of serious artists, men and women of the highest skill and repute, was organized. There was a long period of rehearsal—a period given over to patient study, to experimental interpretation, to loving assimilation of the drama's fine meaning.

A "first night" of rare significance was widely advertised and discussed, and at last "The Republic" was produced. Wentworth was able to make a hurried journey from a point beyond the Mississippi to witness the launching.

But the performance went on to its last curtain without arousing the unsympathetic audience from a waiting apathy which deepened toward the end to lethargy.

Never in the entire history of the New York theatre had a play been a more complete failure.

The newspapers the next morning were almost unanimous in declaring that the new work was an empty and lifeless thing. A few argued that a better company might have infused life into it; others set forth the belief that it was a pity to find really competent players laboring with such unpropitious material. There was one who suggested that the production, on its scenic side, had overshadowed the text; while another believed that a more impressive production might have given a convincing quality to the story. The brilliant and amusing critic of *The Morning Argus* wrote over a column of hilarious abuse.

Only one writer—Harrington, of *The Beacon*—saw "The Republic" in a different light. He made the amazing statement that this fine drama marked a new era in the writing of plays in America. It was afterward reported that the business manager of Harrington's paper, upon Harrington's recommendation, took his wife to see "The Republic"—and that Harrington soon afterward left *The Beacon* to edit a seed catalogue for a firm in Yonkers.

But Harrington's was the only dissenting voice. Everybody else—save a few mute men and women who, perhaps, recognized the best when they saw it—agreed that "The Republic" was a pretentious, lamentable failure.

At the end of the first week it was withdrawn.

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From a Little French Window

BY MONROE DOUGLAS ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. R. WEED

WHEN one is ill, but convalescing, windows come to mean so much. They are frames that hold little pictures of a great city, and though the background may, necessarily, be the same from day to day, the shadows change, and the pageant of folk who pass lends a variety that only the invalid realizes.

My window here in Paris faces two streets, each with an individuality of its own. The Etoile borders on the fashionable district, but the Avenue Wagram and the rue B—— are in, yet not of, the élite quarter.

The Avenue Wagram, or *my avenue*, as I choose to call it, having studied it daily for so many weary months, is like a house divided against itself; for on one side there are many cafés, many motion-picture theatres, many passing people, many dogs, and many beautiful and unbeautiful noises. This is my side. The other contains a few respectable shops, such as a drug-store with a proprietor who always stands in the door and never seems, poor fellow, to have any customers to call him within; a modiste who, to the druggist, must seem irritatingly popular; many staid, old-fashioned apartment-houses, whose occupants have taken on, as generally people have a way of doing, the characteristics of their domicile; and a large garage owned by one of the big taxi companies. The rue B——, forming the other side of the angle, is known as one of the roughest and toughest streets in all Paris. It peeps out, like a horrid old hag who has risen late after a night of dissipation, and sneers at the rest of the world. Yet I like the glimpses I am able to get of her. She interests me strangely, as wicked people always do. My hotel, the Bon Séjour, is No. 1; and so I am able to peer in three directions.

Many people would look askance at such a location for one's dwelling-place; but there's a reason. The reason is René. René is the owner of the Café Lutetia, above which I live. He is a hard, keen, progressive business man; yet there is ever a twinkle in his eye, and one knows intuitively that, like most Frenchmen, he is at heart a sentimentalist. At any rate, he has a strong feeling of friendship for his fellow mortals.

We met on a very cold day last year—one of those days of penetrating rain which one experiences in France. I happened into his café in search of something warm to drink. His suggestion of "un grog Americain chaud," uttered with such a welcoming smile, was accepted with alacrity; and at that moment we became fast friends. Now, the Café Lutetia is in no way different from other French cafés; but it takes on a distinction because it is presided over by René and his wonderfully able and charming wife. They are the salt that seasons the room.

The clientèle is far from chic. It is a most interesting pot-pourri of the bourgeois type, boulevardiers, cinema stars (mostly out of work, of course), Arabs, who do odd jobs about the garage, Egyptians, and many Russian emigrés who seem to have nothing to do all day but sit about and play cards. A motley congregation, indeed, but one may pass many an interesting hour looking at the sea of faces, idly speculating upon the lives these folk lead when they are not blithely here.

The Parisian has more time than we of America, and he seems to spend it more agreeably. His café represents his club, his place of relaxation as well as his place of business; and many a deal is consummated over a café noir, or an apéritif. The average café is open from four A. M. to two o'clock the next morning: twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four! And during that time what a variety of human beings pass through its doors!

From four-thirty in the morning until seven one could easily believe oneself to be in Algeria, as the sea of fezes surges

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around the bar, asking for café and croissants. The babel of voices is continuous as the Sidis are taking their morning meal. At seven-thirty an entirely new crowd takes possession of the place—a crowd composed of the *gens du quartier*, —thoroughly alive; for this is the hour of the apéritif. Every one knows that in France this is almost in the nature of a religious custom.

After dinner, when the lights are lit, and the music is playing, and all the seats

. . . there are occasional visitors who come in merely to read the paper. . . .

taking their *petit déjeuner* on their way to work. Each reads his morning journal as he sips his coffee at the bar, and here and there one may hear a political discussion, with voices raised in Latin excitement. During the rest of the morning a strange calm prevails, though of course there are occasional visitors who come in merely to read the paper or write a letter. It is then that the "mopping up" process is in force, and the damage of the night before is miraculously repaired. But at twelve o'clock the café is alive once more are taken, one sees the café at its best. It is like a flower that has suddenly bloomed into glorious life. René stands here, or rushes there, with a keen, observant eye. He misses nothing. He even anticipates one's wants; and always there is a cheery greeting, a word of warm welcome, whilst madame, seated behind the *caisse*, like a proud cockatoo, deftly rakes in the waiters' chips, makes rapid change, and yet somehow manages to chatter animatedly with some friend of the house.

René's café, as I have come to call it,

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was so obviously French, and for the French—so different from the places manufactured to suit the American palate—that it interested me at once; and, after having met Monsieur Raoul, my excellent hotel proprietor, I moved to the Bon Séjour, and luckily found therein a certain

. . . the chauffeurs who . . . drop in for a *verre de vin* . . .—Page 294.

homelike atmosphere. In the distance, the Arc de Triomphe towers through the haze and clouds, and stands out like some huge battlement destined to preserve something great and intangible from encroachment and defilement. Day by day, its moods change. In the clear sunlight, when the beauty of its lines is most apparent, and with all the broad avenues radiating from the centre, it seems truly to represent the very spirit and soul of France. In the clean moonlight the marble strength of it is magnified; and stolidly it stands there, a symbol of the indomitable courage and the will to sacrifice of the French people. The meaning of the Arc, as conceived by Napoleon, has grown and expanded. It is more than a monument to himself and his vast armies; today it represents the feeling and ideas of the people as a whole. It seems to say, in a voice of thunder, since the terrible World War, "*Ils ne passeront pas.*" For the Unknown Soldier, resting peacefully, yet simply and imposingly under the Arc, has given a new religion to the French people. Even the taxi chauffeurs, who pass and repass many times a day, never fail to salute that mysterious lad who lies there in the dignity of death. The *flambeau*, kept eternally alight, seems like a beacon showing the world a better way to live.

Paris is ever a city of contrasts. This morning, as I looked from my window, there came to my ears a violent babel of voices, and curses filled the air. I saw a large cart filled with heavy iron bars, pulled by two horses in tandem formation, which completely blocked the whole avenue. For the horses had managed to straddle the tracks sideways, and as it had just rained, they could go neither up nor down hill. A crowd gathered, and words and arguments were fast and furious. There was a perpetual waving of arms, and for a moment it seemed as if the street were filled with jumping-jacks.

The driver and two gendarmes were in the centre of the mob, the former big and swarthy, looking as if he could easily hold his own. Suddenly, however, after a few ineffectual attempts to move the cart, an enormous individual made his way through the crowd. He was imposing and important in lavish gold lace. Grandiloquently he waved his hand for the crowd to disperse, and he swooped down upon the driver and the gendarmes, like an eagle, and bore them off in his talons to the nearest Poste de Police for an explanation. The horses and cart were left in full and triumphant possession of the avenue, their monopoly being disputed by honking motor-horns and clanging street-car bells.

Two silent but interested spectators of all that went on were a little boy, aged about four, and a yellow cat of monstrous size and no known breed. The boy, I happened to know, was the son of the electrical store, and the cat was the scion of the pharmacy *en face*. They were both well known to the quartier, and both, although great friends, had strong individual feelings of possession to their side of the avenue. The boy was a sunny-haired, sturdy little rascal, and his playground was the streets, and his friends and playmates were the passers-by—and

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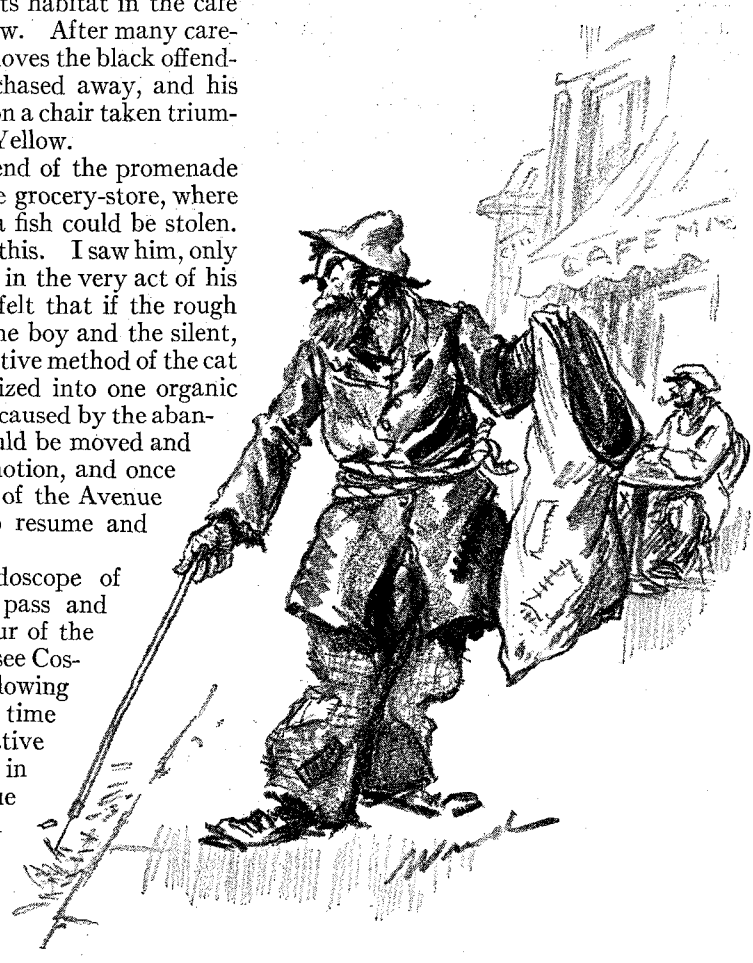
the cat. At all hours of the day he ran up and down, always smiling; and even when he fell down because of the speed with which he tried to get nowhere, he invariably picked himself up, or was picked up by some kind person, smiled, cheerfully nodded, cried "*Merci!*" and ran away again. All the world was his friend.

The cat, on the other hand, approached his daily battles and the Avenue Wagram from a different point of view. When the sun was out, his radius of action was greatly minimized, and consisted in sitting before the drug-store, dozing, never interrupting the stream of traffic—which does not exist. However, if the sun was not out, activity ensued. First, there was an ancient and deadly enemy to be taken care of in the form of a big black cat, that made its habitat in the café half a block below. After many careful and serious moves the black offender was always chased away, and his post of vantage on a chair taken triumphantly by Sir Yellow.

At the other end of the promenade there was a little grocery-store, where once in a while a fish could be stolen. Sir Yellow knew this. I saw him, only a moment since, in the very act of his thievery, and I felt that if the rough and tumble of the boy and the silent, sinuous, yet effective method of the cat could be galvanized into one organic whole, the block caused by the abandoned horses could be moved and the cart set in motion, and once more the affairs of the Avenue be permitted to resume and function.

It is a kaleidoscope of characters that pass and repass, every hour of the teeming day. I see Cossacks in their flowing uniforms of the time of the Czar; native French soldiers in their typical blue khaki; now and then a desert-riding Arab in his loose burnoose and wide-sweeping trousers; and occasionally a religious man of the East quietly passing, in sandals and with long hair, oblivious of his surroundings.

"Polisson" goes by every day, and he is known to all. If he should fail to put in an appearance, we should be sure that something was wrong, and wonder would be expressed. His clothes are of his own peculiar sartorial conception, consisting of a well-worn pair of heavy tweed trousers, patched in innumerable places with bits of sacking, and a very loose, very greasy, very shiny frock-coat of ancient vintage, which serves not only as coat, but as overcoat and blanket. But his chief glory is his hat, which sets off his sly face and twinkling eyes. This hat serves as a distinct means of livelihood for our old gamin of the quartier, because, as it



"Polisson" goes by every day, and he is known to all.

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consists of nothing but a piece of loose felt which may be turned into any shape desired, coupled with a black eye patch, it affords "Polisson" any number of disguises. His shoes may be a sadly worn pair that he has filched from some ash-barrel; but more often he stumbles along, his feet encased only in newspapers.

His day begins by his going the rounds of all the cafés and deftly picking up cigarette-butts with a sharp-pointed stick, and stuffing them away in an old bag. He starts not later than five A. M., and with his ancient felt hat set at a rakish angle—perhaps he imagines himself a fop of the Boulevards!—he imitates the very character of a typical young man just returned from Montmartre, dropping in for a cup of coffee before turning in. "Polisson" is always ready to sing you a song, give you his latest bit of political information—ah! it is very special, monsieur!—make a speech, or even go so far as to do a *pas seul*, in return for which you offer him a *café bien arrosé*, with cognac. In no sense is this to be construed as begging; it is merely a fair exchange. "Polisson" would be outraged if he thought you considered him a mendicant. As the hour of seven approaches, most of his audience must go to work; so, with a cheerful "*Bon jour*," and his bag of cigarette-ends under his arm, the old fellow shuffles out.

At eight o'clock, if you are awake and perhaps opening the shutters, a most decrepit-looking figure hobbling up the street will catch your eye. The gray hat has turned into an imitation top hat, the black patch covers the left eye, the gait is very slow and a walking-stick is heavily leaned upon, and masses of papers protrude from under the arm. "Polisson" is now enacting the part of a "*mutilé*" of *soixante-dix*. And now he is frankly a beggar, in a new group of cafés. With the help of a few pencils for sale, and his well-worn story, the Innocent are caught unaware, and coffee touched with cognac often finds its way down his ever-willing throat. The rest of the day is passed peering into ash-barrels for articles useful to him, perpetually filling his bag with the butts of cigarettes and cigars. At night, if a loud, raucous voice is heard singing in the streets, or an oration is being delivered which forces the attention of the passers-by, one may be sure that "Polisson" is in his element, and that he is wishing "*Bon soir*" to the quartier.

The avenue is ever a seething caldron of motion. Jacques, the garçon of the café called "Le Bon Goût," which lies adjacent to the big garage, is certainly the most active exponent of the strenuous life. Le Bon Goût is a typical little estaminet, much in favor with the chauffeurs who, before going out, or just after finishing a day's work, drop in for a *verre de vin* or a cup of coffee. The official duties of Jacques are those of garçon, and they are myriad; but his unofficial duties are far more numerous, and much more to his liking, as he is unofficial aide-de-camp to all the chauffeur clientèle.

Jacques' uniform, of which he is inordinately proud, consists of a blue apron and the inevitable serviette; the latter never upon his arm—oh, no!—but always around his neck. It is difficult to tell whether the serviette around the neck is reminiscent of the ancient badge of servitude, as symbolized by the iron collar worn by the serfs of old England, or is a mark of Jacques' distinguished unofficial position, and therefore a certain form of decoration. The clientèle arrive, and park their taxis wherever there is space along the curb, and it is Jacques' unofficial duty, little by little, to bring these taxis down and place them in front of the café, so that the owners may step from the door of the café to the driver's seat with the least possible effort. The joy with which Jacques approaches his motor charges, and drives them down the tortuous curbing of the Avenue, is apparent in every gesture and move. If sheer personal contact with numbers of machines could count for anything, Jacques should be president of the company.

Some time during the year every quartier of Paris elects a queen; but few quartiers may boast an uncrowned, unelected queen, who rules through force of personality alone, almost by divine right.

Hers is a curious case. Beauty is not one of Madeleine's strong points, for she is more or less round in body, and certainly very round in the face, and her hair is closely akin to the tousled mane of the lion. But these physical blemishes are not regarded as disadvantages—neither

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by Madeleine nor by her loyal subjects in the quartier. Her always cheery greeting of "*ça va,*" calls forth a hearty response from any one to whom she has deigned to toss it. Hats are her dissipation; they might even be called her vice; and the wonderful creations in which she invariably appears, bring the hearty admiration —or at least the open-mouthed wonder—of the gaping multitudes. But thereby hangs a tale.

A friend of mine, Captain B., before sailing for America wished to make Madeleine a present, and, knowing her weakness for hats, decided that a new one would be the most acceptable gift he could offer her majesty. He was more or less shy, yet he had no wish to wound Madeleine's feelings by refusing to escort her in broad daylight to the hat-shop in our quartier; therefore, very cleverly, I thought, he made an appointment to meet her at a modiste's, where the hats were large and the prices small. The rendezvous was kept, and Madeleine was as eager and nervous as a débutante before her first ball. Captain B., knowing her atrocious taste in hats, had told her that she must accept his judgment before she made a final selection. A large white creation, with sewn or painted flowers, was chosen as the *tour de force.* Never having seen Madeleine with her hat off, my friend imagined that she was a peroxide blonde; but, to his amazement, when her hat was removed, he saw that while part of her hair was indeed a vivid yellow, much of it was jet black! His consternation knew no bounds; but he manfully kept a stiff upper lip while the hat was selected—he was too weak to protest—and Madeleine was overjoyed, and walked out of the shop proud in the possession of her newest atrocity. Afterward, in telling me of the episode, Captain B. remarked: "I always said she looked like a lion. I was wrong. I meant a zebra."

There comes a certain great day.

. . . the news is brought in ever-increasing tones of excitement . . .

"*Fête, c'est le Quartorze Juillet,*" rings in one's ears long before that holiday.

Although confined to my room, the news is brought in ever-increasing tones of excitement as the time approaches. Marguerite, *de avoir-du-pois,* is panting heavily as she brings the *café au lait.* She is full of the thought of how she is going to tread heavily upon the toes of "*mon ami Paul,*" and she considers the amount of *soupe à l'oignon* they will swallow chez le Père Tranquille. Marie-Louise, the

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cook, is slim and slight, and her eyes glisten at the thought of doing the foxtrot with Seraphin, the valet de chambre. He, for his part, seems to be possessed of untold energy, for trunks fly up and down the stairs as though they too were celebrating. Fête it certainly is, and, unless one has seen it, it is impossible to realize with what whole-hearted joy and freedom the nation at large celebrates this day.

All Paris is there, and each person on the streets in his or her own quartier.

Since we are near the Arc de Triomphe, it seems as though the Avenue felt it her duty to outdo herself. The rows of bunting, the Japanese or electric lanterns, the intertwined flags and the numerous orchestra-stands give one the feeling of an ancient and honorable dowager bedecking herself in her finest raiment for the one great social event of the year. It is worth it; for at night, when everything is ablaze, it is as if the very stars had fallen into each quartier; and there is a blare of trumpets and a rattle of drums before each café—full proof that *les Parisiens* are enjoying themselves to the uttermost.

America plays no small part in this day of days, and here and there on the many bandstands an ebony-hued citizen of our country may be seen, and the music blurted and blown out is principally American jazz. The physical endurance of the musicians is nothing short of marvellous, and is only to be compared with that of the dancers, as they tirelessly trip it for three days and nights, literally without pause. The cafés are crowded to suffocation, of course, and there are so many Jacques trying to give their little Maries so many thirst-quenching drinks that the *garçons de café* simply run off their legs.

René and Madame have a wonderful array of flags, bunting, and electric lights, and they even have roped off a space in front of the café where tired revellers may come and rest. A splendid orchestra, led by "Freddy," a big Ethiopian, who can make a drum almost sing, crashes forth airs in fearless competition with all comers. The results are so successful that the sidewalks, and even the middle of the street, are crowded with listeners and dancers, and behind the bar pandemonium reigns.

As I look down from my little window it seems as though the Avenue itself were bobbing up and down, nodding its approval. Marie-Louise and Seraphin are dancing with such *élan* that *cafés au lait* and trunks are things of another world, forgotten, forgotten; and Monsieur Raoul, completely oblivious of such a sordid fact that hotels exist, is waltzing in a most perfect and correct manner with Madame René. It would seem as if the energy given to the enjoyment and celebration of the historical event by the Parisians of to-day is as great as that expended by their forefathers in the taking of the Bastile.

When autumn comes, once more the old Avenue is crowded, and again the sounds of music are in the air. But now they are military bands, and there is the light shuffle of regiments marching on their way to the Arc de Triomphe. For to-day is Armistice Day, and all Paris is wending slowly to the Tombeau du Soldat Inconnu. Little bands of veterans of the war of 1870 pass, and here and there groups of schoolchildren bearing flags; but the most impressive sight of all are the masses of women in deep black, carrying flowers.

Eleven o'clock strikes, the guns boom forth, and for two solemn minutes the French nation stands at attention, heads uncovered and bowed. It is as though France herself heaves a great sigh of relief that the awfulness of war is over and done; but one senses a feeling of pride and glory in the deeds of her sons. And as long as the Arc de Triomphe stands, and the flame in the tomb burns in French hearts, as it does to-day, *ils ne passeront pas*.

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Her eager eyes met mine, seemed to challenge me to exchange mysteries.

Second Marriage

BY WALTER GILKYSON
Author of "Oil," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL PLUMMER

MERIWETHER had always interested me. In the civilized, complicated, rather static world in which he moved, a world where the social life lay like thick cream above the churning of finance, he was an extraordinary figure. Very alien and apart, one felt—a man who preserved the amenities of life with a sardonic impersonal care. We were rather close, and yet I, in common with his other friends, knew little of his youth. He had come down from Boston, and at thirty-six, four years ago, had been taken into the banking firm of Garrett, Randall and Company. That was a great deal. And then, as if by way of consummation, he had married Jessica Killian.

We were sitting together at one of the Montgomerys' evenings, Jessica between her husband and me. Reichantz was to play, and I suppose the Montgomerys had invited at least a hundred people. Every one who was invited came. It was not often we could hear such good music in such delightful surroundings and among such pleasant people. In the suave white-and-gray room, amidst the attentive, composed, and slightly masked faces, the art of music became domestic, a little somnolent and catlike, as if it revealed its strength with a luxurious satisfaction.

As Reichantz seated himself Jessica turned to me. "I heard him in New York," she whispered. "You'll enjoy him. He extracts the full measure of poetry and meaning from all that he touches. Very brilliant and subtle—an essential performer, and yet thoroughly intellectualized. And his nuance is as it should be, an emanation, not mere feeling blown from the soul. You know what I mean?" Her eager eyes met mine, seemed to challenge me to exchange mysteries.

"Yes," I said, "I do, Jessica." Some-

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how, when she talked that way I felt uncomfortable, a little as if she'd pulled at my collar and tie. She was evidently waiting for more, when Meriwether put his hand on her arm. "He's going to play now, Jessica," he said.

The little man stared at an invisible point on the wall, and then began. It was Schumann's "Carnaval," and in a moment Jessica and her vaporings had floated away. Quite unconsciously I found myself wandering through sights and sounds too fleeting and evanescent to be put into words—sudden flashes of color and form that seemed to grow in the body and not the brain. Then something interfered; some outside influence kept drawing my attention off. I wondered vaguely what it was, until I realized it came from Meriwether, that his presence was drifting into my mind. It was as if some radiation from the man had become audible, and was weaving a pattern of inarticulate speech. I turned and glanced past Jessica at him, and as I did so the music changed, swept into a little waltz, an unreal, haunting, and wistful air, bright with sorrow that gleamed through arabesques like the passing of a lovely face. It was over in a minute, and I looked at him again. His eyes were remote, and the worn brilliance of his face seemed nebulous and relaxed, as if, for the moment, he had become quite young.

The applause died away and a buzz of talk spread over the room. Meriwether was silent, listening to Jessica and Rufus Condon, the critic, who had come over to talk to her. I didn't like Condon—he was a voluble man, of rich talk and thin writing—one of those youngish middle-aged men who carry about them an odor of fingered bloom.

"I think Firbank's like Ornstein," he was saying. "The same shrill inverted note, the ecstasy of metal against metal, and that last agony of sensation, the point where it sinks into dissolution."

"I don't see Firbank that way," she replied, her hot exposed eyes very angry and hen-like. "To me his work is gold thread woven in obscene design on a scarlet background. The shrill muteness of it is decoration. That's why"—she crossed her slim pointed hands—"I enjoy it so much."

I glanced at Meriwether. "What do you think?" I asked.

"Me?" He uncrossed his legs slowly, then shook his head. "I don't think."

"And you!" Jessica looked at me. "What do you?"

"Well—I'm a lawyer," I laughed. "And a lawyer, you know, passeth understanding. Besides, I'm a spinal columnist, and that lets me out of art."

. . . looking rather like a benevolent ram . . . —Page 299.

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Reichantz seated himself at the piano, and we stopped talking. The next thing was Chopin—the "Third Ballade" and the "Valse Ut Dieze Mineur." I glanced at Condon sprawling limply in a chair beside me, looking rather like a benevolent ram with his great satisfied nose and his wispy head. I wondered what he would say about Chopin and Cesar Franck, who followed. And what Jessica would say. The thought was too much, and I rose as unobtrusively as I could and tiptoed across the room.

When the evening was over I saw Meriwether in the cloak-room below. "Walk home with me and have a drink," he suggested, slipping into his coat and adjusting his tall hat very carefully. "Jessica's going somewhere and I'm going home." He glanced up.

"All right," I said. "I'd like to, for a little while."

The air outside was cold and the snow lay in dirty piles at the curb. We walked down the street; Jessica had taken the car and the house was only a few blocks away. When we entered, he preceded me up-stairs to the library, a room I'd never seen before. "Sit down," he said cheerfully. Then he sent the man off for whiskey and stretched himself out in a big brocade chair by the table.

For a moment he was silent, with an easy comfortable silence as if he were by himself. I took a cigarette from the box and glanced about the pleasant, vaguely luminous room. The books stretched in wine-colored shadows below the pale gold of the ceiling and walls, and the blue-and-gold rug shone in the light like a circle of silvery moss. I caught the flat gleam of Chinese red in a picture near the door, repeated quite unexpectedly in the vermilion moulding around the wall.

"That's interesting," I said.

"What?"

We walked down the street . . . the house was only a few blocks away.

"That picture."

"Yes."

I rose and walked over, then stood back so I could see it clearly. It was small, in a wide gold frame, of a girl, wrapped in red, her arms at her side. She was very young, and the bands of cloth about her straight body gave it a graceful angularity that set off the upright pose of her head. She had a serious face, with a wide forehead beneath dark hair, and gray eyes that seemed to appraise the world with untroubled expectancy.

"Very nice," I remarked.

"Yes." Meriwether leaned forward and knocked his ash in the tray. "Do you know," he exclaimed, "I enjoyed that music to-night! But I get awful-

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ly fed up, don't you, with all that art stuff?"

"I most certainly do," I agreed. "I don't know much about it. But the few men and women I've known who were any good didn't blow off steam the way Condon does. They couldn't because"—I hesitated for the thought—"I suppose their minds and emotions weren't separate the way his are. You see, Meriwether, the two things have to go together, and if you separate them"—I warmed up—"they both die, like Siamese twins."

"Yes, I think so. At least when it comes to such things as music and poetry. Music's queer," he added slowly. "I know a little about that. The musicians dry up—at least the women—when they've no emotional life."

"How about the bankers and lawyers?" I looked at him stretched out so comfortably in his chair.

"Oh, they're artists too, only they do the work of the world. And, besides, the love of power is as great an emotion as any other, don't you think?"

"The greatest," I said emphatically. "And we, at least you, indulge ourselves there. We've the satisfaction, emotion really, of sustaining the social structure, of creating wealth where none was before."

"Yes. That's important." He nodded his head. "For a man it's the most important. And he has to make every sacrifice for it. Without form and order we go back—" He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what we go back to. That man Lawrence—he tries to show us. He may like what he shows, but as I read him he's damned well afraid of it. At least he's afraid of something. Oh, hell!" He sat up in his chair. "If you could only blend the two! And you can, if you have any luck."

"How?"

"Well," he stared down, then smiled at me with a little gleam in his eye. "Either one for all, or a lot in a row. And for some of us it has to be one for all. We sons of order," he laughed sardonically, "that carry the weight of the world! We're mystics, you see, romantic idealists that want to create new worlds and new wealth, as you say, where none was before. So being romantics, we're like Dante with unconscious leanings toward Casanova. Only Dante prevails. A dull devil!" He sighed. "And just as obsessed as any American business man. Have another drink." He pushed the decanter across the table.

"No more." I rose. "I'm in court tomorrow morning, sustaining the weight of the world." I yawned and stretched out my arms. "And what are we going to do about it, Meriwether?"

"Nothing," he said, getting up from his chair. "It's all been done for us before we were born. It takes rarer and less useful spirits than we to escape. Spirits like Condon—men whose souls issue from their mouths as they do in the old pictures of the saints. Or else Lawrence heroes who gird their loins, or some one else's loins, in the dark. It sounds amusing, but I don't think it is. No." He patted me on the shoulder as we descended the stair. "No hope for us. By the way"— he paused as if the idea had just struck him—"I may send some one in to see you, professionally, one of these days. Good night," he said, holding open the door. "Glad you came around."

II

When I next heard of Meriwether he had gone to Rumania on an oil deal. It seemed quite appropriate, I thought, when Satterthwaite told me. Meriwether would be at home in an oil deal—there was an elusiveness about him, an iridescence, that sprang from some deep-seated source. He was earthy and romantic, an unusual combination, in my experience. On the street he was considered far-seeing and courageous, but I'd wondered, since our talk, whether he wasn't a good deal more than that. I didn't speak of it to Satterthwaite; he'd have thought I was crazy, or addled from reading too much fiction. And, besides, it wasn't important, and I was probably wrong, and when Satterthwaite left he took all thought of Meriwether out of the office with him.

A few minutes later Miss Leisenring came to the door. "A Mrs. Fearon to see you," she said.

"Who?" I never can understand Miss Leisenring when she interrupts me.

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"A Mrs. Fearon."

"Never heard of her. What's she look like?"

Miss Leisenring nervously fingered the door-knob. She wasn't used to appraising women's looks. "I don't know," she muttered. "I think you'd better see for yourself. Shall I send her in?"

"All right, send her in, and I'll tell you afterward what she looks like, Miss Leisenring." I couldn't help smiling, and she mumbled something and turned with a little switch of her skirt and left the room.

The door opened and a small figure in a brown coat stood in the doorway, hesitating. I bowed. "Mrs. Fearon? Won't you sit down?"

She seated herself without looking at me, her small gloved hands lying very quietly in her lap. "The manager of the Plaza sent me to you," she said.

"Oh, yes. I represent the Plaza." I looked at her with what I hoped was an unapparent gaze. Her dark face was small, with a carven quality about the cheek-bones, and her eyes were hidden beneath heavy lids. It was a composed face, a little hard, as if the hardness had been achieved and laid on like enamel, leaving untouched the unconscious scarlet mouth. As I looked she glanced up at me with a sudden gleam of gray and white. Then she spoke again, very deliberately, in her rich, groomed voice.

"I came to see you about a divorce. Do you take them?"

"Yes." I paused. "We take everything that's respectable, or looks respectable from the outside. And divorce is both," I added quickly.

"Almost too much so," she said, with a smile. "I feel quite old-fashioned. And I can get one, in this State, I'm told, for desertion?"

"That's the usual ground." I reached for the pad on my desk. "Have you lived here a year?"

"More than that."

"And where is Mr. Fearon, and how long is it since he left you?"

"Well, we lived together five years ago in Boston, and he left me on the night of February 16, 1919."

"And when and where did you last see or hear from him?"

"Not since then." She laughed suddenly. "He vanished overnight."

"With some one?"

"I suppose so." Again I caught the swift gleam of gray and white. "They usually do, but I didn't know anything about her."

"I see." I ignored the smile. For a moment Mrs. Fearon annoyed me. There was a touch of unreality in her voice, a note of amusement I didn't understand. Clients usually took their own divorces seriously, and I was inclined to agree with them.

"Any children?" I asked.

"One, Aileen."

"And your full name?"

"Ann Brewster Fearon."

I leaned back abruptly, prepared to ask some more questions, when she winced and a little spasm of pain shot across her face.

"What's the matter?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You're observant."

"I have to be—it's my business."

"Well," she leaned forward, her eyes quite amused, "if you're observant, why don't you get your chair fixed? It screeches like a slate-pencil on a slate."

I looked down as if I could see the screech, and she laughed. "Well, I never noticed that before!" I exclaimed. Then I straightened up. "We lawyers can ask questions that are purely professional, Mrs. Fearon. You are, I take it, or have been, a musician?"

She nodded.

"A professional?" I glanced guardedly at the sable coat.

"Yes."

"In America?"

"Here and abroad. I studied in Paris."

"And Mr. Fearon?"

She stared at first as if she hadn't heard what I said, then she answered quickly: "Oh, he didn't interfere!"

I asked her a few more questions, and then pushed the pad aside. "That's all I'll need now," I said. "I'll prepare the libel, and after it's filed I'll advertise for your husband."

"Advertise for him!" She half rose from her chair. "What's that mean?"

"Well, you don't know where he is and I can't serve him with papers, so I'll have

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to advertise—put a notice in the newspapers."

"Oh!" The word sounded reflective, seemed to open a long, narrow vista behind it. "I see," she nodded, as if reassuring herself. "In the newspapers in Boston?"

"Yes," I said, wondering. Quite clearly there was something in this that I hadn't yet put my hands on, and, besides, I realized now that she looked like some one I'd known, but when or where I couldn't tell.

"Are you going to marry again?" I asked suddenly. It was the only question I could think of that might stand on professional ground.

For a moment she stared at me in surprise, then her face became serious, withdrawn. "Yes," she said, and the unconcerned curve of her mouth grew sharp. "Was that question necessary?" she demanded.

"Quite. We have to know."

"Everything?"

"No." I shook my head. "Not everything."

"But you'd like to, wouldn't you?" She rose. "Lawyers are curious things. I should think you'd soon know too much."

"A little like standing on a bridge and watching the bodies float down-stream," I said cheerfully, and she shuddered and stared at me, a bright anger in her eyes. "A disgusting simile!" she exclaimed.

"But quite true."

"But there's no use in saying it, is there?"

"There's no use in saying anything, but, if we didn't, life would be very dull."

"Oh!" She shook her head impatiently. "I don't like that sort of thing!"

"What?"

"Discourse by cynics about the dulness of life."

"But it is."

"Yes." Her eyes fairly blazed at me now. "But why say it so many times?"

"I won't again. As a matter of fact, you're quite right."

"Of course I am!" She stared at me, her face dark and defiant, as if her spirit stirred sullenly under a heavy hand. Then her eyelids dropped, and all sign of emotion vanished. "To-morrow at ten?" she said in her deliberate voice.

I bowed and held open the door.

The next day I was very busy and only saw her for a minute when she came in to sign the libel, and during the three months that followed she appeared in the office from time to time quite unexpectedly, bringing stray bits of information that were unimportant, and asking questions in the desultory way of women who have nothing much to do. At the master's meeting she handled herself very well, and the divorce was granted as a matter of course, and to-day at five o'clock she was coming in to get her copy of the final decree.

We'd become very good friends, I reflected, as I leaned for a moment against the window, smelling the spring air. The soft freshness outside crept like a tide beneath the acrid odors of the street, as if it were slowly washing them away, and the sun on the range of tall gray buildings was smoky and golden, the windows glittering with an uncanny light. Yes, we'd become very good friends, and I'd be very glad to see her, I thought. Then I marched back to my desk.

She came in without being announced, opening the door with her little air of hesitation. I stumbled out of my chair. The thing had a way of catching me when I got up. "Don't fall," she said, holding out her hand. "Lawyers ought to be awfully good on their feet." Her eyes danced at me for an instant. Then she sat down demurely and folded her hands in her lap. "Have you got it?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am." I picked up the folded paper from the desk. "There's your freedom, lady, sealed with a big red seal."

"Like a valentine!" she exclaimed softly. Then she unfolded the paper. "It's very formal, isn't it?" she said, holding it up. "Quite majestic. That's all there is to it, I suppose? And it means"—she glanced down at the paper—"that I'm divorced from Benjamin Morris Fearon?"

"Yes. It means you're free now to do exactly what you like."

"How nice!" She stared at me, then walked over to the window. "It's lovely up here to-day. I suppose you lawyers need beautiful views from your windows, don't you?"

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"Well, we should have them," I agreed. "Although—there are times when we don't need them." I followed her to the window. "Are you going to stay here—in town?"

And"—she leaned forward as if to catch a glimpse of the river—"I wasn't big enough for it to take me by the throat."

"I shouldn't have said so," I ventured.

"I'll never be a musician again in New York, or anywhere else."

She shook her head.

"Music—in New York?"

"No." She continued looking out of the window. "I'll never be a musician again in New York, or anywhere else."

"Why not?"

Her shoulders moved slightly. "Dried up," she said. "Just dried up. I'm thirty-four, and at thirty-four it's either dried up or it has you by the throat.

"No, you wouldn't." Her eyes, turned upon me for an instant, were keen and reflective. "You haven't a feminine mind."

"Maybe not," I answered, feeling a little uncomfortable. "I wouldn't know what to do with one if I had."

"Your wife would," she said quickly. "But don't get one." She shook her head. "Don't. It's a mistake."

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"But you're going to marry!"

"Oh, yes," she turned on me suddenly. "I'm going to marry William Bundy, of Kansas City. He arrived yesterday for that purpose."

"Indeed! That sounds"—I hesitated, then floundered along—"that sounds—very interesting."

"It is. And he's very interesting." She turned to the window again. "I think I shall rather like being married," she said, as if to herself.

For a moment we were silent, then I ventured again. "I suppose you'll take up your music, after you're married." Then I remembered suddenly what Meriwether had said that night in his library. "It's lack of emotional life that dries up an artist—especially a woman," I quoted triumphantly.

She turned on me as if I'd struck her in the face. "Who told you that!" she exclaimed, her voice flat and harsh. "Some one must have told you that! You'd never have guessed it yourself." Her eyes, as she stared at me, were dark, with queer little wincing lights. "It sounds—" Then she turned away. "I wish you hadn't said it," she murmured, with a quick movement of her shoulders.

There was a suggestion of fragile violence about her, as if she were strung on wires.—Page 306.

"I'm sorry," I answered. I was rather annoyed at the way she'd put me down. "Of course I couldn't evolve such a thought myself. I probably read it in a book. But I thought that marriage—to Mr. William Bundy——"

"Of Kansas City," she continued, mimicking my voice. Then she laughed suddenly. "It is a funny name, isn't it? Mrs. William Bundy and Miss Aileen Bundy, of Kansas City. But he's awfully nice." She turned away and picked up her silk coat from the chair. "Come out and see us some time, will you? You've been very kind, and I owe you a lot."

"In spite of my masculine mind?" I was still just a little hurt.

"Because of it, maybe. Mr. Bundy has a masculine mind, too. Well"—she held out her hand—"good-by, and thanks ever so much."

"Not a bit. And I'll come out and see you the next time I'm in Kansas City, which, by the way, is a very delightful place."

"I don't doubt it. I've never been there." She turned to the door. "You won't have to advertise any more for Mr. Fearon, now, will you?"

"No," I laughed.

"That's good. Because I inadvertently told Mr. Bundy about him once, and"—she looked up at me with the old gleam of gray and white—"I hope you don't find him. Good-by." She lifted her hand with a gesture of farewell, and then slipped through the door.

III

About six weeks later Garrett, Randall and Company asked me to go to Kansas City to take charge of a foreclosure in which they'd become involved. Seibert, of the firm, discussed the matter with me, as Meriwether had only just sailed and wasn't expected back for another week. I was glad to go; there was always a certain pleasure in getting away from the office, even if the journey's end was only Kansas City. And, besides, I'd have a chance to see Mrs. Fearon, and find out how she and William Bundy were getting along.

On the second day I called her up, and she invited me to dinner. In the meantime I'd learned something of William

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"But . . . we're going to see that Aileen's education along that line is continued. Aren't we, dear?"—Page 306.

Bundy from my colleagues. He was a manufacturer who had made a lot of money in real estate; he was evidently well known and well liked, because my friends spoke of him with that offhand respect which the West gives to its distinguished citizens. They didn't seem to know much about Mrs. Bundy, except that she'd married Bundy, and the couple had just returned from their wedding-trip. So I motored out to the house that night with a good deal of anticipation.

It was a large colonial house, very new and set on a hill, with the scanty raw freshness of a made lawn and gardens around it. As I entered, the man took my hat and coat and ushered me into the drawing-room, a white, formal room with an atmosphere of having been well turned out and then left undisturbed. Everything seemed so evenly distributed, I thought, as I looked over the room, knowing very little of periods, or tables, or chairs. Mr. Bundy, no doubt, was a man of just proportions. I felt sure my own client wasn't so evenly distributed.

While I was reflecting, a rustle came from the doorway, and I glanced up. Mrs. Bundy was standing there, watching me with that odd look of amusement in her eyes. "Well," she said, "this is nice!" Then she held out her hand. For an instant I was astonished; I'd never seen her at night before, and she looked so lovely in her slim green dress. It seemed to change her in some way—to mould and heighten the duskiness of her face. "Yes, it is," I said, taking her hand. "I didn't know I'd see you so soon, and I didn't know, either, how charming you'd look!"

She laughed. "That's only lawyer's blarney—you've developed that since women came on juries. I'm so glad you could come out. Are you going to stay long in Kansas City?" She caught me glancing involuntarily over her shoulder

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and looked around. "Oh, Aileen!" She put her arm about the girl and led her forward. "This is my daughter," she said.

Aileen courtesied, gave me a quick stare, and then walked away. I watched her with the benevolent smile of an elder surveying a child of twelve. She was a moody little person, I thought, as I kept my eyes on her. There was a suggestion of fragile violence about her, as if she were strung on wires. "She's interesting," I remarked in a low voice. "And has she your talent for music?"

"Yes," Mrs. Bundy answered indifferently. Then she turned to the door. "Let's go out on the porch. William ought to be down in a minute."

We met him in the hall, a big, glossy, friendly man, with a red face and child-like eyes. "I'm glad to see you—very glad to see you, Mr. Blaisdell," he said, in his hearty voice. "Mrs. Bundy has told me about you, and how kind you were to her"—he nodded solemnly—"in her difficulties. Ever been in Kansas City before?" He brought over a chair and seated himself expansively, his square furry hands on his knees. "A wonderful city! We like it, don't we, Ann?" he said, beaming at his wife. "And Aileen does too!" He put his arm about her, and she smiled shyly and leaned against him. "Of course you have advantages in the East. And we recognize them." He nodded solemnly. "We recognize them, Mr. Blaisdell."

"Not so many," I said. Looking at him, I rather felt the truth of my statement.

"But we're interested, genuinely interested, in your advantages, Mr. Blaisdell," he continued, with his solemn nod. "And we're getting them ourselves. Now Mrs. Bundy"—he smiled at his wife—"she's lost her interest in such things. She won't keep up with her music. And I love it." He sighed. "I just love music. Never could get enough of it in my life, which has been pretty busy"—he smiled shrewdly—"pretty busy, Mr. Blaisdell. But"—he lifted his hand, touched the dark bobbed hair just above his shoulder—"we're going to see that Aileen's education along that line is continued. Aren't we, dear?"

"Yes," she whispered. She glanced at her mother, and then snuggled closer to him.

A moment later the man announced dinner, and we followed Mrs. Bundy into the house. In the hallway a short, dark-browed woman joined us. "Madame Roller, Aileen's music-teacher," announced Mr. Bundy, in his hearty voice. "We got her from Chicago, where Aileen is going this fall to study. Walk in." He took me by the arm and ushered me into the dining-room behind Madame Roller.

When dinner was over we had our coffee on the porch. In a little while Madame Roller and Aileen disappeared, and I supposed Aileen was being put to bed, although I wasn't familiar with children's bedtimes, they varied so in the houses of my friends. Then Mr. Bundy rose, saying he'd be back, and Mrs. Bundy and I were left alone together.

For a moment or two we sat in silence and I gazed through the darkness, watching the distant lights of the motors moving behind the black silhouette of the trees. Then I turned to Mrs. Bundy. "He's a big, restful chap, your husband," I said. "All this"—I waved my hand—"is healthy and comfortable."

"Yes," she answered. Her face just beyond the circle of candle-light was carven and dusky, and the still gleam of her eyes moved slowly back to the darkness.

"And health and comfort are everything, aren't they?"

"Very nearly." She sighed and I heard the creak of her chair as she moved. "That, and a feeling of safety," she continued, in a voice that grew strangely reminiscent and sharp.

"Safety!" I echoed. I sat up.

"Yes. You don't know what that means, you men." She gazed at me with sombre reflection. "Once a woman's outside the world, she's cold. Unless she has some inward fire. And when that dies, she's very cold."

"I suppose so," I answered vaguely. I looked at the lawn, its meagre outlines shrouded in tranquil mystery. Cold! The dim, fragrant night, with its warm, sleepy sounds and the smell of the roses about one's face, was anything but cold! "But," I said, turning to her, "does an inward fire ever die?"

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"Sometimes." She lifted her fingers to her forehead. "When it's not too great."

A crash of chords came suddenly from the drawing-room behind us, and Mrs. Bundy started up. "Who's playing?" I asked. "Madame Roller," she said wearily. Then she leaned back. "It's disturbing. I wish she'd stop."

The music continued, and its waves seemed to pulse and glow through the darkness, to break into weird forms that vanished and reappeared in bright streams that leaped into silver patterns against the night. Then it ceased abruptly and we sat in silence, the darkness shivering about us as if it were closing over the splinters of sound. Mrs. Bundy's face, just beyond the circle of light, was still, and her closed eyelids seemed as heavy as carven stone.

"Aileen! If you must play, won't you play something else! I loathe those sickly sentimental Germans!"—Page 308.

In a moment the music began again, this time with a light clear touch, very fresh and immature. Some one else was playing, and I'd heard the thing before, not so long ago. I was puzzled—I couldn't remember when or where. As I wondered, the melody changed, drifted into a waltz, elusive and haunting, filled

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with a sound of soft cries and a beat of little drums. In a flash I knew—remembered it all completely. It was Reichantz, that night at the Montgomerys.

A noise broke into my thought, and I saw Mrs. Bundy standing before me. "I hate that soft sentimental thing!" she exclaimed. She walked to the door. "Aileen!" Her voice was flat and harsh. "Aileen! If you must play, won't you play something else! I loathe those sickly sentimental Germans!" She clinched her hands, and her elbows shook.

"My dear!" William Bundy's large form filled the doorway. "Remember Madame Roller!" He put his finger to his lips.

"Oh, she's Swiss, William!" she cried. Then she turned to me with a laugh. "It's absurd to make all this fuss about such a little thing, isn't it, Mr. Blaisdell?" She lifted her hand to her hair as if the excitement had shaken it down. "Aileen, darling," she said, and her voice had recovered its note of veiled deliberation, "don't you think it's time for you to go to bed?"

Our talk was rather constrained for the rest of the evening, and I left early. The next morning a telegram from Garrett, Randall and Company called me home, and in the midst of the complications that inhabit a receivership I had little chance to think of Mrs. Bundy. It wasn't until I saw Meriwether in his office for the first time after my return that the suspicion which had been vaguely floating in my mind became fixed. And when we finished our business I eyed him, wondering where to begin.

As usual he didn't give me a chance.

"How did you like Bundy?" he asked.

"All right. You'd like him yourself if you knew him. Do you?"

"No."

"But why, Meriwether"—I crossed my legs and leaned back in the chair—"did the lady say the Plaza sent her?"

"That wasn't my doing!" He looked at me quickly. "That was her own idea."

"I see." I paused, wondering what to say next. "Well, at least she was very charming," I said. "And if I'd been married to her, I wouldn't have left her the way Fearon did. What was he like, by the way?"

"Fearon? What did he seem like to you?" Meriwether looked at me with a curious little smile.

"Very insubstantial. I never could see him, somehow, from her talk."

"No. I guess you couldn't." He laughed quietly. "We had to invent Fearon."

"Invent him!" I sat up.

"Yes. You see"—Meriwether tapped the end of his pen on the desk, then looked out of the window—"she told Bundy she'd been married and her husband had left her."

"The hell she did! You mean to say there never was any Fearon!"

"No." He shook his head. "I'm sorry, but there never was."

"Well!" I had visions of the defrauded majesty of the law, and a divorce record filled with perjury from top to bottom. A divorce without any marriage! It was *crazy*! Like Alice in Wonderland! I rose and stared at Meriwether. He'd fooled me, and I wasn't going to spare him.

"If there was no Fearon, why didn't you marry her yourself, my dear friend?" I asked slowly.

"She wouldn't." The answer was very prompt. "She had a career in those days, and wouldn't leave it. And I thought I had one too. So there you are. And when she found she hadn't, it was too late." He rose and walked to the window, and stood for a moment looking out. Then he turned, the sharp brilliance of his face very worn and clear.

"I hope Bundy's good to Aileen," he said.

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What Price Organization?

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

"PUT Oldtown where she belongs—on the map!" was the slogan, and ten thousand dollars was the sum toward which the campaign was directed. An almost religious fervor was in the air as one organization after the other pledged itself to the great work. The young pastor of the First Baptist Church, himself a member of the Chamber of Commerce and the Advertising Club, preached a Sunday evening sermon on the duty of the citizen toward his community, painting a brilliant picture of Oldtown's future when, with increased population and higher real-estate values, the cause of righteousness would be so much advanced. The Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs enlisted in the campaign one hundred per cent strong under the slogan of Service. The Associated Women's Clubs pledged co-operation, taking as their motto, "A greater Oldtown means greater opportunity for the kiddies." The Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts, and the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church pledged moral support to the cause by formal vote.

Monday morning was the date set for the beginning of the drive, and two hundred earnest men and women gathered at the Chamber of Commerce headquarters to receive their assignments. The president of each participating organization was designated as colonel and received an arm band on which was printed the title in gold. The captains were similarly decorated, while the rank and file wore ribbons on which was inscribed "Worker." Cards had been prepared in advance by the Chamber of Commerce staff, and in a little while committees of three began hurrying along the streets to call on prospective subscribers. It was no time for slackers in Oldtown; whenever a citizen hesitated to set his name down for the amount indicated on a card his reasons were carefully noted and his name later turned over to the flying squadron, a special committee of super strength and influence. At noon all workers gathered at the Midland Hotel for luncheon, where inspirational speeches were made and reports of the committees received with cheers and hand-clapping. By Monday evening nearly half the desired amount had been pledged and duly indicated on the great wooden thermometer set up in the centre of Court House Square.

On Tuesday morning fewer volunteers reported at the Chamber of Commerce headquarters, but these were of proven quality and the work went forward with unabated vigor. Pressure was brought to bear in proper quarters and at the noon luncheon it was announced that the members of the police and fire departments had begged permission to donate a percentage of their month's salaries toward the cause. The superintendent of the city schools stated that a similar movement was also on foot among the teachers which he believed would be acted upon favorably, as the school board was sending out a form letter strongly urging it upon the teachers.

It was evening of the third day that Oldtown actually went over the top. The managers of chain stores and Chicago meat corporations had generally been recalcitrant, taking advantage of the fact that as employees of corporations they had no right to pledge their firms to donations of any kind; this resistance was overcome by stern telegrams sent to the various head offices of the corporations setting forth the fact that the citizenry of Oldtown spent its money only with those who showed a willingness to co-operate in movements for the betterment of the community. Favorable responses to these messages coupled with other tardy donations brought the indicator on the thermometer almost to the desired figure. It was after nightfall that the final dramatic gesture was made.

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A little group of captains and colonels gathered about the platform on which the thermometer was erected, looking expectantly down the long vista of Commerce Street. As the clock in the courthouse turret struck the hour of nine a light was seen in the distance and a few minutes later fifty hooded and sheeted figures debouched into the square, preceded by a flaming cross carried by two men. No word was spoken. The leader of the hooded band leaped upon the platform, tacked an envelope to the wooden thermometer, and descended. The flaming cross was raised and lowered three times, the hooded band departed as silently as it came. The Chamber of Commerce secretary detached the envelope and read aloud the inscription: "one-hundred per cent for America and for all good works." Inside the envelope was a check for three hundred dollars. Oldtown's campaign was finished. Henceforth Oldtown would be on the map and its name emblazoned on the front pages of a thousand journals, for the ten thousand dollars was to be used in paying the expenses of a National League baseball team engaged to do its spring training at the local grounds.

Oldtown is but a type of hundreds of other communities, large and small, throughout the United States where organization is taken with tremendous seriousness. Organizations dictate personal habits, seek to influence national legislation. Their number has increased incredibly during the past dozen years. Every trade and profession has its national, State, and local associations—an aggregate of more than two thousand according to the government statistics. There are the lodges, the women's clubs, the semi-religious reform organizations. Comparatively recently a dozen nation-wide luncheon club bodies have come into being, now maintaining more than three thousand local chapters and aggregate membership in excess of a quarter of a million. Fifteen thousand conventions are held in the United States each year to transact the business of our multiplicity of organizations.

Against legitimate organization there is nothing to be said, for the United States is a large country and requires co-ordinated effort to transact its proper business. But is there not a tendency to leave to organizations the things that are properly matters for individual thought? Mass judgment and morality are never quite so good as individual judgment and morality. The trade association in session at its annual convention passes resolutions that reflect the ideas of its most confirmed go-getters. Local boosters' clubs make a fetich of activities that to sober judgment are fatuous. Business is emotionalized, sentimentalized. Uplifting slogans become a substitute for serious effort, and conservatism is swamped by mob spirit.

It was in another Oldtown that I attended the weekly meeting of a prominent luncheon club that features boys' work along with its regular commercial and civic activities. On this particular day the business of the meeting was to finance a series of athletic contests to be held among the boys of the community, the principal expense of which was the gold and silver medals to be presented to the winning teams and individuals. It was a crowded meeting, for each of the two hundred club members had a boy guest; this fact helped the cause tremendously as subsequent events showed.

The chairman of the day, a sporting-goods dealer, opened the meeting with a few stirring remarks on the duty of society to the physical well-being of the country's youth and made the statement that no boy turned to crime who had ever been a member of a basket-ball team. This statement brought a round of applause from both members and their youthful guests; and the applause was redoubled when the chairman introduced the principal speaker of the occasion, an elderly gentleman with long white hair and a professionally earnest manner.

The audience was not disappointed in its expectation of a prolonged emotional thrill, for the gentleman had been on his feet but a few moments when the tears came to his eyes and voice in contemplation of his subject. Perhaps it would be more correct to say subjects; for the beginning of his address concerned itself with the glory of motherhood and the statement that a nation of mothers is a moral nation, safe from the aggression of

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cynical foreign powers. The Stars and Stripes came in for hearty commendation, as well as the fact that America had never drawn the sword in other than a righteous cause. When he came to the part of his speech concerning the youth of the country his emotion was so great as to be almost painful; for the boys, he stated, are the men of to-morrow. In his peroration he drew attention to the fact that such a gathering as he saw before him was but an augury of America's future greatness; in no other land would there be found two hundred strong, two-fisted men willing to take the time from their busy lives to sit at table with bright-eyed, eager youths and to enter into their boyish pleasures.

It is pleasant to be told that one is both two-fisted and noble, and the two hundred club members rose to their feet as one man in token of their appreciation of the speaker's statements. When the chairman asked for donations to the fund for purchasing gold and silver medals the response was astonishing. One man leaped upon his chair and shouted one hundred dollars amid thundering applause. Half a dozen others gave fifty. The twenties and tens came fast as raindrops in a summer shower. Truly the club members paid generously for their emotional spree. The meeting adjourned.

But the satisfaction was not quite unanimous if the remarks of one club member could be taken seriously.

"Philanthropy by blackmail," he whispered darkly as we filed out of the banquet-room. "Oh, yes, I gave—I didn't dare not to—for fear of hurting my business. But I wonder what effect it will have on these youngsters to see their elders get drunk on sentiment. And after this won't the youngsters be inclined to believe every time they want anything it will drop out of the sky into their hands if they are just emotional enough over it?"

Curiously, the United States is the only country where organization has become so deeply rooted. It is also a fact that with us it came about largely through our participation in the World War. During the war we were forced to work in masses, as did the citizens of other countries; but the crisis past, there came a difference. The Europeans, trained in long-settled tradition, went back to their accustomed ways; while we, less committed to tradition, continued in our newly discovered methods. There was also the difference that we were vastly richer because of the war and could afford to experiment, while the Europeans could not. In Europe the organizations formed to handle war-time problems disbanded after the Armistice and the salaried secretaries went back to private life. America, being richer and more easy-going, allowed the secretaries to form other organizations and thus to continue with their salaries.

Looking at it in a purely mercenary light, the question arises as to whether we shall be able indefinitely to support this multiplicity of organization. Is there greater efficiency in mass effort than in individual effort? Does organization make life easier for the average citizen? Do the Associated Candle Snuffer Manufacturers of America produce better and cheaper candle-snuffers because of their imposing headquarters in New York, their high-powered executive secretary, and their annual convention in Atlantic City? Does the retail shopkeeper in Oldtown sell candle-snuffers at a smaller profit because he belongs to the national, State, and local candle-snuffers' associations, is a director of the Oldtown Boosters' League, and maintains his one-hundred-per-cent attendance at the weekly meetings of his luncheon club?

Perhaps some day one of our great universities, through its department of higher business training, will compile statistics on the annual cost of the organizations of the United States, setting down in detail the aggregate salaries of the secretaries, the wages of office assistants, the railroad fares and hotel bills of fifteen thousand conventions, and the cash value of the time spent by millions of business men at their luncheon meeting and get-together conferences.

The manifest object of organization is efficiency; which is to say, economy. If our multiplicity of organizations has made living cheaper, then the cost, whatever it may be, is justified. But during these past years of organizing fever the cost of living in the United States has not

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lessened. It should have lessened because the more general use of automatic machinery in place of hand labor has materially reduced the initial cost of manufacturing. There can be only one explanation. The public is paying the salaried secretaries, the cost of the Washington bureaus, the convention expenses, the Oldtown shopkeeper's overhead during the time he is in attendance on his luncheon club or serving on the drive for the fund to pay the training expenses of the National League baseball team!

The United States cannot continue indefinitely to do things found by other nations to be extravagant. We speak of the American standard of living as though it were something to which we have an inalienable right. The plain facts are that we have so far been able to maintain a higher standard of living because we have inherited a vastly rich country with tremendous natural resources. We have been living on our capital. In the long run we will have to match personal ability with the harder-living people of other countries; and in such competition there will be no quick and easy way to supremacy any more than there was fact behind the belief during the War that our inventors would produce some contrivance to annihilate the enemy overnight.

At present the United States lives on a scale of lavishness so great as to be incomprehensible to the people of other countries. A few months ago I was privileged to visit a French family of the middle class in a town in Brittany. The lady of the house was particularly interested in American life.

"Is it really true," she asked, "that in the United States even the workmen have automobiles?"

I said many workmen had them. The lady's husband is a building contractor, which probably suggested her next question.

"And when a new building is being erected," she persisted, "do the masons and carpenters drive to their work in these automobiles? And while they are at their work do the automobiles stand about like so many horses?"

I do not know why this mental picture seemed so droll to the lady, but during the balance of my visit she intermittently interrupted the conversation by mirthful interjections: "Des charpentiers! Des maçons! They leave their autos to stand about like the horses!"

In passing it might be stated that Alençon, the lady's home city, has a population of about eighteen thousand souls; which in the average American city would mean three thousand automobiles. Citizens of Alençon, however, own fewer than sixty automobiles. But by actual count Alençon supports eleven fully stocked and solvent bookstores!

If it is desirable that we continue to live so much more lavishly than other races the strictest efficiency will be necessary, for even our vast natural resources have a limit and the time is fast approaching when we must compete on even terms with the rest of the world. Professional optimists tell us that mass production, which America has so amazingly developed, will solve all our problems and allow our workmen to continue ownership of automobiles, our stenographers to wear fur coats, our small business men to belong to golf clubs, our farmers to spend their winters in California. But mass production has some serious weaknesses. It is easy to imitate. Germany, for example, is rapidly copying our methods, and with cheaper human labor to operate its machines can produce cheaper than we. Moreover, mass production needs world markets; our own population cannot buy fast enough to keep up with the output of our machines. The professional optimist solves the problem by advising that we should sell to foreign countries, but that we should buy nothing from foreign countries. Unfortunately this solution is not workable, for if we sell abroad we must buy abroad. If we buy abroad, then our work-people and farmers must match their efforts against the poorer-living work-people and farmers of other countries. If we put up our tariffs and stubbornly resolve to maintain our scale of living by neither buying nor selling abroad, then mass production soon saturates our home markets and the factories must stop until the goods already produced are used up.

In preparation for this article I have talked with scores of manufacturing and wholesale executives, practically all of

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whom declared that "sales resistance seems to be on the increase," which translated into plain language means that for the present the public has bought all it can pay for, and that less manufacturing must be done in some lines until such time as the public is in position to begin normal buying once more. That is, the wiser business men see it that way and adjust their operations to conform with conditions.

But the others? There comes the difference! It was for just such a crisis that the Associated Candle-Snuffer Manufacturers Association was organized, and for which it maintains its imposing headquarters and its high-powered executive staff. The public is buying fewer candle-snuffers? Here, indeed, is a challenge to efficiency. From headquarters comes the announcement that the association is about to launch a campaign to place more and better candle-snuffers in every American home. Speed is all-important, because there is only so much money in the country to be spent and those first in the field get the biggest share. The quickest way to get results? Candle-Snuffer Week, of course! An argument must be found to place the campaign on a high ethical basis and confound the manufacturers of other commodities. The argument is found. Candle-snuffers are mentioned in the Bible! Telegrams and form letters go out to secretaries of religious organizations and luncheon clubs calling attention to this fact and demanding that Candle-Snuffer Week be observed as a sacred institution. Other timely publicity is necessary to make Candle-Snuffer Week a success. Shall it be through magazines and newspapers that have won influence through years of constructive effort? Banish the thought! The fastest-growing publications are those that feature sex and sensation. Full pages, then, in Corrupt Confessions monthly million copies. Candle-Snuffer Week must go over with a bang!

Forced business is never good business, whether applied to the hectic selling of candle-snuffers, the coercion of the schoolteachers of Oldtown into subscriptions to the baseball fund, or the activities described by the luncheon-club member as philanthropy by blackmail. Tyranny is tyranny, whether practised by an individual or by an organization, and in either case corrupting. No one is immune from the elation of conscious power, and membership in an organization supplies precisely that. At the weekly meeting of the luncheon club, at the trade convention, during the Chamber of Commerce drive, voices are raised to an authoritative pitch as carrying the weight of numbers. Important questions are decided by an imperious aye or nay. Inevitably the joiner is a more assertive person than the non-joiner.

During recent years a great deal has been written and said about our failure to establish foreign markets for our manufactured articles—a matter vastly important to the continuance of our American scale of living. Naturally we cannot easily gain world trade when to the higher wages of our workmen are added the cost of a multiplicity of non-productive organizations. But also commerce, particularly international commerce, is not alone a matter of price but of racial likes and dislikes. It is probably more than a coincidence that since the war, which is to say since the United States became so strongly addicted to the organization habit, there has been an increasing number of complaints from American exporters who claim their sales are being lessened by the eccentric conduct of their fellow countrymen travelling abroad.

It is only a short time ago that the resident American colony in London was shocked by the actions of a confirmed joiner, a tourist gentleman from the Middle West. The occasion was a banquet tendered by resident Americans to a prominent British diplomat who, in the course of his remarks, made some pleasing allusion to America. This was the signal for the joiner's extraordinary actions. Springing to his feet he delightedly hurled his napkin in the air and shouted: "Atta Boy!" Then, quite in the manner prevalent at his home-town luncheon-club meeting he demanded to know what was the matter with the diplomat and answered his own question enthusiastically: "He's all right!"

Another gentleman, also a joiner, after attending a convention in London, went to Paris with a party of Americans, the

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party being entertained at a formal luncheon by a group of French business men. The joiner had not been asked to speak, but did so anyhow.

"There's going to be a big international convention in my home city next summer," he told the Parisians expansively, "and I hope you'll all come. Probably while you're there you'll see something we can sell you!"

During the past three or four years an entirely new method of elevating the ego has been discovered for the benefit of the joiner able to make a trip abroad. He belongs to the State Retail Merchants' Association, let us say, and offers to represent that body on his contemplated journey. As this service is to be rendered gratis, the suggestion is gratefully accepted. The joiner then has cards printed bearing his name and the words, "Special Representative of the Blank State Retail Merchants' Association," which cards he distributes liberally while on tour, thus at trifling cost placing himself in a vastly more important situation than his fellow tourists, and with the added pleasure of making a report of his investigations at the next convention of the association. Each summer some hundreds of these self-appointed representatives plod throughout Europe distributing their cards and leaving in the minds of the natives a puzzled impression as to the qualifications considered desirable in American official representatives.

International business depends largely on good-will. The English, long experienced in world affairs, understand this thoroughly; it is not for nothing that their prince is sent on long journeys to show himself to the people of other countries. The prince is a personable character and the model of every young Englishman. The inference is this: "Here is our prince, a typical Britisher. Look at the cut of his London-made clothes, his pipe, his hat. Pretty good, yes? And his manners—quite perfect! Very well, then, buy our British-made goods, you'll like them. The prince is a pleasant chap. You'll find the rest of us are pleasant, too, especially in trade. And we make awfully fine goods!"

Doubtless the prince creates more business for British manufacturers in a single trip than the many shiploads of American young ladies sent abroad each year as a result of Chamber of Commerce popularity-vote contests. More business even than the three char-à-bancs full of boy and girl students from an American co-educational seat of learning observed one evening in Paris during the last tourist season, who sang blithely as they coursed through the streets: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here, What the hell do we care!"

The foreigners can only judge by appearances; each stranger stands to them as a representative of race. They cannot know that the individual who goes about distributing cards or acting strangely at public gatherings is, at home, no more than chairman of the transportation committee of the Oldtown Boosters' Club. In the interest of our overseas commerce it may some time be advisable by enactment of law to subject each passport applicant to a rigid examination of his organization memberships and his offices therein, if any.

Every extravagance we commit brings the time inevitably nearer when we shall have to exist on a scale comparable to that of harder-living peoples; when as in European countries our bank clerks will work for fifty dollars a month; our carpenters receive two dollars a day; our farm laborers seven dollars a week; our congressmen one thousand eight hundred dollars a year. Our present passion for overorganization is an extravagance. How to rid ourselves of useless organizations? Very simple if each patriotic individual will appoint himself a committee of one to examine dispassionately his various memberships and at once hand in his resignation to those palpably conducted to furnish employment to the salaried officials; those that maintain attendance by the lure of emotional sprees; those whose annual conventions are gay parties instead of serious business conferences; those that force selling by hectic propaganda.

It is doubtless more than a coincidence that the French, possibly the most skilful business people in the world, are least given to formal organization. Yet with a congested population and a country long since depleted of natural wealth, the French manage to hold their own. On a

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recent visit in France I chanced to be in conversation with a gentleman who operates one of the great printing-houses of Paris. It appears that in France as in America there is a disquieting tendency on the part of the rising generation of boys to flit from one employment to another rather than to perfect themselves in some regular trade. The people of France, the gentleman said, are uneasy over the situation because it is realized that more than anything else the country needs skilled workmen to hold its place in world commerce.

I asked him if there were no societies working toward this end, for the circumstances called to mind the need of a vast national organization with executive headquarters at the capital and chapters in a thousand cities, a drive for funds, a million earnest workers laboring under the slogan, Back to the Work-bench, parades and get-together luncheons with bright-faced young apprentices.

The Parisian replied that there were no such societies; that most French municipalities maintain trade-schools, but there concerted effort ends. We agreed to meet again; he stated that any time would be convenient for him except Sunday morning. One surmised that this was his time for gay entertainment on the boulevards, but the surmise proved incorrect.

"Each Sunday morning I am occupied," said the wealthy, middle-aged Parisian apologetically, "for I teach printing to a class of boys at the trade-school of the *arrondissement*. They are boys who are employed in the small printing-shops and Sunday morning is the only time they have. It is a duty I owe to my craft."

The Antique-Shop Lament

BY CAROLINE CAMP
Author of "The Antique Habit"

"DOES your head ache and your back ache? Do you feel that you have no courage, no hope, no ambition left? Absolutely no vitality? Is your hair coming out? Are you tired of the whole world?

"Something is wrong! I can tell you what it is!"

A customer came into my shop at that juncture, so I read no farther. It wasn't necessary anyway. I knew that the answer could be but one thing—"You run an antique shop."

I started my shop five years ago. At that time my hair was long, golden, and curly. It is now sparse, drab, and tenaciously stringy. At the start my eagerness was almost volcanic. I could hardly wait to get to the shop in the morning to feast my eyes on my early American surroundings. The sight of a Sheraton desk or a banjo clock gave me quite the same flutter as did my first early morning view of the Grand Canyon. I positively gloated over the whole thing, and exuded enthusiasm to every person who entered my door. Regardless of whether she came to rave or to buy, she was piloted ecstatically about. Wooden pegs and original legs were joyously displayed.

But five years has made a difference! A Sheraton desk or a banjo clock gets no twitter from me now. No! Nor would a museum piece of the highest order!

Do you know who is responsible for this diabolical condition of mine? I know, and I feel that you should know. My customers, and my customers only, are accountable. They sift into my shop day after day, always effervescent, always loquacious, almost always trite and dull.

I shall have to except one who came in yesterday. She effervesced up to the usual mark, but she was not loquacious, nor could one call her trite. A foreign

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car with dachshund lines, guided and guarded by a chauffeur and a footman, rushed her to my gate. She dismounted from her chariot, looking very florid and wearing the strangest hat, I think, in the world. It was made of some sort of grass woven to look like a bird's nest, and there, perched on the edge of the nest, was the bird. The only thing missing was the reliable worm which must have turned at the last moment, just not being able to keep up with the terrific pace. She wore a green gown striped with red, and millions of beads were about her neck. She burst into my shop with "Have you any Quinze stuff?—you know—Louis?" I came back with: "No, I have only Washington stuff—you know—George." She thundered, "Oh, I see," and was gone. Time: one minute and ten seconds.

A type of person who is partly answerable for my decay is the one who generally comes in with a friend or two. They saunter leisurely about—all the time in the world, and everything they see brings up sweet memories of some dear ancestor's home.

It is: "Oh, Molly, don't you remember the chair that sat in Aunt Sarah's bedroom? It was precisely like this one. Her cat was forever curled up in it—morning, noon, and night. I always wanted that chair, but, of course, Emily got it; and look at this quaint hooked rug with the horse on it. Aunt Sarah had some of those rugs too. I don't know what did become of them. Have you ever seen a more beautiful bedquilt than this one, Molly? Just look at those stitches! Fancy their having time to do all that work—although I suppose there wasn't much else to do in those days. If we had only known years ago how valuable these things were going to be!" Then she turns her attention to me: "You must find it so interesting—this business—fascinating." And on they trail to a table that is the perfect counterpart of one that Molly's grandmother had in her up-stairs hall.

They keep this up for, it seems, hours.

At last it is their tea-time and they drift out, leaving nothing more encouraging than "Thank you so much; you have such lovely things! We shall be in again very soon."

Another tormenting soul is the woman who doesn't really know what she wants, but all of her friends are buying antiques, and she has decided to weed out her modern furniture piece by piece, and stock up with early American. She knows nothing. A spool-bed seems quite as good to her as a field-bed, and she bickers some time over which one to buy. After much racking of her brain, and inexhaustible meditation, she takes neither. However, she does become greatly enamoured with a chair, although she is not sure that her husband will like it. He is not enthusiastic over the antique idea; she doesn't think that most men are. Would I mind putting the chair aside until half past five the next day, when her husband will stop on his way from the golf club? Certainly, I am very glad to. All the time thinking: "You poor, benighted creature, if I wanted a certain chair or a certain anything, you can jolly well believe that I would have it, husband or no husband!"

During the next day I have three chances to sell that chair. At half after five husband and wife meet at my shop. Husband sits in the chair, turns it over, knocks it around a bit, wiggles the arms, prods the seat, and in the end remarks: "If you can see forty-five dollars in that chair, I can't! Give me my good old stuffed chair with the foot-rest." Wife extends me a sickly smile and thanks me for holding the chair, but she thinks she won't take it just now. Exit one man and puppet.

One of my best customers who knows antiques through and through, particularly glass, not long ago selected a dozen very good wine-glasses to be sent as a wedding-gift to a friend of her husband's in St. Paul. The price was fifty dollars. They were extraordinarily choice and I had been a year collecting the dozen. I packed them myself, very carefully, and sent them on their way—really hating to see them go. Two weeks afterward I received this slightly caustic letter from St. Paul:

I am returning, by express collect, a dozen glasses that were sent from your shop on the eleventh. Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard's cards were enclosed, but I am sure there has been some mistake. Mr.

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Stoddard is a very good friend of mine, and I know that he and Mrs. Stoddard would never have selected such glasses as a wedding-gift for me. They are very poorly made, full of bubbles, and even rough on the bottoms. I cannot understand any reputable shop putting out such an article.

I have tried to get in touch with Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard but they are in Bermuda for a month.

Will you kindly look the matter up and rectify the mistake at once?

Very truly yours,

——— ———

And when the glasses arrived, five of them were in atoms!

Perhaps you do not feel that these few every-day incidents are sufficient grounds for my deplorable symptoms and suicidal thoughts. You are doubtless visualizing me: "Hatchet-faced, orthopedic shoes, lace collar, antique pine chip on shoulder." Not so at all. I am simply a faded beauty, irreproachably gowned, and striving to look pleased with my existence.

Should you run my shop for a while, you, too, would fade and lose your genial look.

Your first customer might be the kind who is looking for advice. You won't recognize the species when she comes in, and very likely you won't come to your senses until she goes out.

She will bring with her an infinitesimal piece of wall-paper and will say that she wants a lamp-shade in a corresponding color. Now do you think this, or do you think that? What kind of rugs would you advise? She has a needlework picture done in mauve silk—no, she guesses it is taupe after all—and she is thinking of hanging it in the same room that the lamp-shade is for. "What color shade would you buy in that case if you were a lady?" says she. And do you think that the curtains on the mauve or the taupe, whichever it is (she still can't remember), would be good, or would you prefer plain white ruffled curtains?

You will hear all about her new house in the country too. "Such a darling place; six fireplaces, an old Dutch oven in the kitchen, all the beams hand-hewn and put together with wooden pegs, the original old meat-hooks in the ceiling, floor-boards no less than twenty-eight inches wide, and a spring on the place that has never been dry as long as the oldest man for miles around can remember. *And*, the strange part of the whole thing is, that in looking over old deeds I found that back in 1770 my husband's great-great-grandfather's half-brother owned the place for six months. He afterward fought in the Revolutionary War and was at Fort Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen. Isn't it strange the way things work out? Little did he think during those six months that George and I would be living in the same house a hundred and fifty years afterward."

This sort of customer never fails to ask you if you don't *love* mahogany. Assuming that you care more for maple or pine, as I do, you will no doubt receive the reply that I did on a similar occasion. "Well, of course if you had been brought up with good mahogany the way I was, you would like it."

I might as well tell you that she will tease you along for some time. And does she buy the lamp-shade? She does not!

I must sound the alarm for the people who register absolute fight over the price of everything in the shop. No matter what it is, they can buy it for one-half as much somewhere else. Even in New York, where the shopkeepers have such atrocious rents to pay, antiques are a bargain compared to my prices. They have motored from Quebec to Connecticut, stopping at every shop along the way, and my shop is the last word for robbery.

When you spot these people, don't fail to knock every price in half, and before they go, try to give them something. You don't have to worry; they won't take it. They never buy anything but suites of furniture at reduction sales, and they are merely stopping in order to tell some of their friends who like antiques that they visited three hundred and fifteen antique-shops on their trip and didn't see a thing that they would take as a gift.

If you can stand the people I have mentioned and

People with no imagination and no discrimination,

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People who call your best pieces reproductions when you know that they are not,
People who buy a flawless piece of china, take it home, and crack it in transit, then return it and want their money back,
People who try to beat you down to a price that is less than cost,
People who bring their dogs inside to frisk around pottery and a pink lustre tea-set,
People who flick their cigarette ashes in a sixty-dollar flip glass,
People who always want a glass of water for their children and want nothing else,
People who insist that you should pay for crating and shipping,
People who leave road-oil footprints on hooked rugs and think that it is funny,
People who point at a portrait with an umbrella and punch a hole through the canvas,
People who charge things and pay for them three years afterward,
People who charge things and never pay for them,
People who never charge anything,

—then, you can run an antique-shop and keep your demeanor.

But doesn't your head ache just a little? Mine is still throbbing, and I would appreciate your joining in the chorus with me. I am positive that Shelley was not thinking of me when he wrote: "No change, no pause, no hope, yet I endure."

I have given my state of boredom serious and deliberate thought and I think that I have found a way back to life.

To-night I shall start a sampler signed "Caroline Camp. Her Thoughts and Her Work." On it shall be embroidered in a precise early American cross-stitch:

If any of your ancestors had a piece of furniture like any in this shop, keep it a secret.
If you are looking for advice, I can send you to an excellent decorator.
If your husband does not like antiques, do not enter this shop until you are positive that he is quite dead.
The chairs in this shop are not to be used for punching-bags.
Old glass is full of bubbles. The rough place on the bottom is supposed to be there and is called a pontil mark.
If you are in this shop longer than fifteen minutes without buying something, the floor will open up no matter where you are standing and your family will always be wondering why you do not come home.
If you do not like my prices, tell your friends; do not tell me, I do not care.
Unless you can prove that you have brains, manners, a conscience, and a real bank-account, do not enter here.

In one corner I shall emblazon a flint-lock gun and in another a tomahawk. The whole shall be framed and hung in my shop where it will attract the eye of every prowler for the antique.

With my sentiments so frankly posted, I can change my entire attitude toward my customers. Instead of acquiescing that a shop like mine is a joy forever, I shall snap: "It is not; I loathe it!"

I shall also say: "I do not care, Mrs. White, what kind of curtains you have, nor how they hang. I simply cannot listen to another word about your house. I despise old houses with broad board floors and fireplaces. Give me a nice quartered-oak floor and a gas-log."

Unless I immediately take a fancy to a customer the minute she comes in the door, I shall whisper: "Do not disturb me; I have diphtheria, and I am reading anyway."

By this simple scheme my ennui may give way to rejoicing, and who knows but what my dingy locks may regain their erstwhile refulgency?

I beg of you, antique maniac, not to fight shy of my shop on account of this handwriting on the wall. If you do not come, how can I play the game? Don't forget that I am here, on guard, waiting for you with my eyes open and my hand on the lever that dumps the floor into the cellar. Tread lightly and observe all rules or you will find yourself advertised among the "Lost" items and never will you find yourself among the "Found."

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The Public Libraries of America

BY JOHN MALCOLM MITCHELL

Secretary of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust; Author of "The Public Libraries of Great Britain and Ireland"; Member of the Departmental Committee on Public Libraries (England and Wales)

I ONCE knew a professional scribe who, on the strength of a three weeks' stay in India—mostly at Simla—ventured to write a critical review of Lord Curzon's Indian policy. The result is a standing reminder of the unwisdom of committing oneself to paper on the basis of superficial investigation.

None the less, after a five weeks' tour in the United States, I succumb to the temptation of paying a tribute to the remarkable progress which is being made in many places in the sphere of public-library provision. During my short tour I have had the pleasure of meeting many leading library experts and of visiting a number of the more important library systems. To one who is a keen student of library policy in the United Kingdom, the experience has been most stimulating, and I think it may be of interest to put on record certain special features in which the American system seems to be in advance of its British counterpart.

The great weakness of the British service is its lack of systematic co-ordination. This defect exists to some extent in the United States. Small local institutions still struggle on by themselves in watertight compartments on insufficient funds. But the British system, at present, is without the invaluable "Inter-Loan" system under which serious works not contained in one library may be borrowed from another. At the fountainhead of this national loan service is the Library of Congress—America's magnificent national collection. Serious students requiring expensive works which their small local libraries cannot afford to provide, may have their applications forwarded by the local librarian to the Library of Congress, which will either itself supply the books on loan, or refer the applicant to some other of the larger collections from which they may be obtained. This system is naturally limited to important and costly works of high authority, but it is just these works which a library with a small clientele cannot reasonably be expected to buy for itself.

The obvious wisdom of the Mutual Loan Service has led to two important developments of an administrative nature. The first is the system of "Union Catalogues," by which a group of libraries, of similar status, or in a certain locality, combine their lists of rare and important works (ordinary fiction and children's books being, of course, excluded). These joint catalogues enable any one of the various librarians, before having recourse to the Library of Congress, to ascertain whether a given work, which he does not himself possess, is on the shelves of an associated collection. This co-operative system, in which even the universities to some extent take part, is manifestly both economical and of immense value to serious students, who soon tire of approaching their local librarians in vain. It is the only method of helping studious readers who live far away from the great centres of population in which comprehensive libraries are economically possible.

The second important administrative development is the creation by the Library of Congress of a national system of card-cataloguing, under which any library—public, university, commercial, professional—and any individual may contract to receive printed copies of the cards prepared for the Catalogue of the National Library. These cards are, of course, prepared by the best experts, and they have the invaluable feature of containing skilled annotations—an enormous advantage to the less highly trained librarian in smaller centres, who is also in many cases far too busy to be an omnivorous critical reader. The economy of the system is obvious.

The creation of this co-operative machinery manifestly marks an epoch in the sphere of national library service. It

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should lead not only to similar developments in other countries, but also, within the inevitable limits, to some form of international co-ordination. The world's treasures of culture and knowledge are not to be hoarded on the racial or the geographical basis. The problem may well be discussed in a preliminary way, if the American Library Association is able to arrange for international sessions at its conference in 1926.

Before leaving the topic of national co-operation it is interesting to observe that neither the United States nor the United Kingdom has so far set up a National Library Bureau, either separately or as part of an existing government department. There are, of course, in both countries, distinct objections to centralized control or even inspection, but it is worthy of notice that in the Province of Ontario a central inspectorate appears to perform a useful and stimulating function—especially beneficial to the less wealthy libraries in which salaries are low and book selection presents a serious annual problem. The individual freedom of local libraries must, obviously, be preserved; the pride of ownership is a great asset in library policy. But the nation as a whole has a vital interest in the spread of culture, and efficiency may perhaps be capable of increase under tactful, but systematic, supervision from a national correlating centre.

To pass from the nation to the State, the chief interest to a British student of libraries is the evolution of the county system, which, allowing for the obvious differences of scale, has made such striking progress in the United Kingdom during the past ten years. The system is ten years older in the United States, and though it has not as yet covered anything like so large a proportion of the country, it has, in at least one State, advanced to a high degree of efficiency. This State is, of course, California, where the system devised by the far-sighted Mr. Gillis is developing under the devoted and skilful management of Mr. Milton J. Ferguson. The basis of the county scheme is too familiar to require description; it is enough to remind readers that its purpose is to distribute collections of books from a central depot to small places in which it is economically impossible to maintain an adequate local service.

In California, however, there are two or three features which specially call for admiration. In the first place one is filled with amazement at the remoteness and inaccessibility of many of the local centres. Books are taken on pack-animals to lonely schools on the roadless Pacific slopes, to mining villages high up in the Sierra canyons, to small clubs far away from railroads and ordinary lines of motor transport. A few counties in the British Isles—*e. g.*, Donegal, Argyll, Sutherland—have similar problems, but in California the system is literally marvellous. It is an educational service of the highest quality, achieved under almost unique topographical difficulties.

The great weakness of the county system, namely that it can only provide in the ordinary way books of general interest (largely fiction), is overcome in California by the loan system, under which the State Library, in Sacramento, acts locally for the State as the Library of Congress acts for the nation. If the county librarian of Monterey or Los Angeles is unable to meet a reader's requirements in any subject of serious study, application may be made to Sacramento, and if even the State Library cannot provide the necessary book, the request can be transmitted to a higher source—ultimately to the Library of Congress. Moreover, the system of "Union Catalogues" is in local operation both internally in the counties and collectively in the State, so that no outside application is made until local resources have been thoroughly tested.

A third feature of the Californian system is the wise policy adopted by small-town library boards of entering into integral relations with the county scheme. A town with a small tax valuation is grievously handicapped in the attempt to provide a balanced collection of books independently. It is far more economical, and likewise more efficient, to have access to a large loan collection of literature in addition to maintaining an adequate nucleus of standard works. Both the town and the county benefit by broadening the basis of supply, and co-ordination is an economy to both.

These are only a few of the more important features of modern American library administration which strike the in-

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terested observer. It is not to be assumed that British libraries are not also moving with the times. Indeed, interest is so keenly alive over there that the president of the Board of Education has appointed a departmental committee to inquire into, and report upon, the whole problem. The county system has spread so rapidly that after ten years only a dozen counties or so are without library systems. The Central Library for Students is rapidly building up a loan collection of serious literature which will be a national reserve for all the public libraries of the country. Many of the highly specialized technical libraries are co-ordinated with it. The whole problem of these latter libraries is under investigation by an expert committee. The removal, in 1919, of the statutory limitation upon library finance, has opened the way to the development of urban libraries, though the pressing demands of economy have so far constituted a serious obstacle.

Nevertheless candor compels the conclusion that the American system is, in practice, more elastic. The American public pays—apparently without demur—a good deal more *per caput* than the British library normally receives. The librarian appears to have greater freedom and a larger measure of administrative responsibility. More extensive provision is made for professional training, and the status of librarianship is more on a par with that of the learned professions generally. The American citizen is, on the whole, perhaps, more keenly alive to the importance of the public library as a factor in communal life.

There are only two respects in which, as an outsider, one may be permitted to ask a respectful question. The first is this: *Have the various authorities concerned sufficiently considered the relation which should exist between the public library and the boards of education as regards the supply of reading for children of school age?* This is a vital problem, since it is axiomatic that the habit of reading should be inculcated at an early age. In practically every town provision is made—ample and generous provision—for children *in the library;* children's rooms are almost universal, and even separate buildings are provided; children's librarians are specially trained. But the supply of actual school libraries is apparently unsystematic; there is no consensus of opinion as to their proper place in the scheme, and under whose ægis they should be selected and administered.

The problem derives peculiar importance from the fact that modern educational theory, rightly or wrongly, tends to lay less and less emphasis on the prescribed text-book, and to give the child, even at a very early age, a large freedom of choice. The teacher clearly cannot be relieved of all responsibility in this matter, but librarians, rightly or wrongly, are loath to accept the teacher, or even the education authority, as coequal experts in the selection and administration of general libraries. There is, in fact, evidence of a clash of opinion which calls for adjustment. A *modus vivendi* should not be difficult to devise, and a solution is desirable, not so much because it matters greatly upon whom the responsibility should be placed, as because, in the absence of a definite ruling, it is largely a matter of chance whether school libraries of any kind are provided.

The second question is closely allied. *What is the function of the public library in relation to adult education?* This problem is engaging the careful attention of the American Library Association, and a preliminary report has been published. The librarian, obviously, cannot, and does not presumably wish to, take the place of the university extramural tutor, or to turn any part of his premises into ordinary classrooms. Yet it is clearly necessary that the public library should keep in touch with and assist isolated students, and even organized classes, by providing expert guidance and appropriate reading-matter. Special borrowing facilities can often be allowed, even to the extent of relaxing the rigid rules against lending books from the reference department for home and class study. Deliberate adult study is a thing to be encouraged, and it is greatly to be hoped that the inquiry conducted by the association will lead to a clear-cut definition of responsibility. Education is one of the most costly of all public services; uneducated democracy means chaos; the public library, within its limits, is the most economical of all educational institutions.

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The Admiral Sails—

(October 1, 1922)

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

[The epic note was struck in the stirring career of Rear-Admiral Charles E. Clark by the voyage of the *Oregon*. People past forty will recall that the Spanish War found this large ship at San Francisco. Her presence on the eastern coast was essential. Captain Clark sailed on March 9, 1898, and made Florida on May 24. It was a voyage unprecedented for a ship of its class, a race of ten thousand miles to a battle-field, with an always present danger—and hope—of meeting the Spanish fleet. The great ship made the great voyage with the smoothness and precision of a ferry-boat crossing the North River, and went at once into action at Santiago.

Admiral Clark died on October 1, 1922. These verses are meant to "tune in" on any first of October.]

Clark of the *Oregon's* dead.
One can fancy him landing in heaven
Straight from the voyage, he who made long voyages,
With his vigorous, grizzled head
And the blue glance, humorous, straight as a blow;
One can almost hear how he said,—
If Saint Peter, by chance might have asked him his name—
"Clark." Only that; not a hint of his fame
In the brief, simple name to which all the acclaim
Of a nation swept up, like a draft to a flame.
Only "Clark." But Saint Peter would know
In a flash. He would show
In his look, old Saint Peter—so used to the same
Long routine; million following million of good folk and dull.
He would maybe salute, old Saint Peter, just touching his head's big dome;
"You're Clark, of the *Oregon*, sir; welcome home."

. . . . . .

And all over heaven the sailormen
Would be hailing each other: "Have you heard it then?—
The news to-day?" So might Farragut say,
And Drake, and Lord Nelson, and Dewey—all they
Whose names are like thunder of big guns at sea—
Great sailors of history, hailing each other
Across heaven's field; "You've heard the news, brother?
No? Why, Clark of the *Oregon* made port to-day."

. . . . . .

Clark of the *Oregon* dead?
Maybe the splendid gray head,
The thick-set, strong body is dead;
Maybe even the blue of his eye,
Used to wide spaces, rolling waves, rushing sky,
Keeping always that glint of outdoors, that sea-water clearness,
That easy commanding, with all of its dearness
Of friendly, quick answer. Those wonderful things may be dead,
But Clark—the American, Clark—Captain Clark of the *Oregon—he'll* never die!

. . . . . .

Only—the Admiral's sailed.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

DOCTOR J. LESLIE HOTSON, of Harvard, has made a sensational contribution to Elizabethan literary history by his discovery of the facts concerning the death of Marlowe. In a slender and exquisitely printed volume called "The Death of Christopher Marlowe," he gives an accurate and thrilling description of the poet's last day on earth, the circumstances of his taking-off, and the name of the man who stabbed him. Not only has he discovered the truth of what for more than three hundred years has been a romantic legend, he has arranged his material in a manner to delight both lawyers and dramatists. I salute young Doctor Hotson, for he is envied by every English scholar in the world.

This is the highest possible form that a doctor's thesis can take: a discovery of prime and universal importance, set forth with consummate literary art. The ordinary thesis—its futility and tragic recoil—gave a young American scholar, satirist, and poet, Leonard Bacon, his opportunity; and he seized it in a book, recently published, called "Ph.D.s." Many men and more women injure their health along the doctor of philosophy route; and when the girls, in addition to overwork, have been obliged to borrow money in order to continue their researches, the effect is often disastrous. Constance spoke truly when she said:

We women hate a debt as men a gift.

The personality of Kit Marlowe is as romantic as his plays; he has frequently been made the protagonist of tragedy. Perhaps the best of all such biographical dramas is "The Death of Marlowe" (1837), written by Richard Hengist Horne. Take it out of the library, and see for yourself.

The New York dramatic season that closed in June was memorable for the revivals of Ibsen and of Gilbert and Sullivan. Only a few new plays of importance appeared; but Ibsen's masterpiece, "The Wild Duck" (1884), magnificently produced and acted, ran for over one hundred consecutive performances, breaking all records. Thus New York, which used to look upon Ibsen as stimulating reading for the hypercultivated, while depressing and even impossible for theatrical managers, has the honor of giving him his longest run. Ibsen was first, last, and all the time a playwright, a man of the theatre. He was greater as a dramatist than as a philosopher.

As for Gilbert and Sullivan, the demand for a revival of the cycle of their incomparable operas is now so sharp that it can hardly be resisted much longer.

A play that is bound to excite comment during the coming season, which will have its first performance in London in September, and in New York in October, is Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." This had its world première in New Haven on the night of the 1st of June, and, although that entire week broke all records for infernal heat, eight performances were given in New Haven, and to large audiences. I was present on the opening night, and, like every one else, was deeply impressed. It is a good play and a good sermon—it is quite possible to be at once both. The driving idea is more needed in the world than any other, and it is fortunate that the excellence of its presentation seems to guarantee performances in every European capital.

Meanwhile the Little Theatres of our country pursue their admirable course, converting the blossoms of promise into the fruits of performance. To take a single instance: the Hedgerow Theatre, near Philadelphia, produced in the month of June Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," O'Neill's "Diff'rent," and Milne's "The Romantic Age."

An article in *The Living Age*, commenting on the "almost unanimous delight"

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with which the novels of Sinclair Lewis are hailed by the London critics, and also by the British public, says: "Now this is a very amazing event." It seems to me precisely the contrary; it would be amazing if Sinclair Lewis were not popular in England. The people of any country rejoice to see the people of another country ridiculed by one of the latter—who therefore knows what he is talking about. Mr. Lewis confirms the unfavorable foreign opinion of America.

To those who had rather read good long books than bad short ones, let me recommend three, both interesting and valuable, in the order of their length. "The Life of Edward Everett," by Frothingham, is more entertaining than its hero. To a large extent it gives the social, political, and academic history of America from 1800 to 1865; and not the least diverting pages are concerned with the years in England when Everett was our representative. In commenting on the old-fashioned but genuine oratory of this statesman, Mr. Frank Bergen writes me: "I think Everett's contrasting of Blenheim Castle and Marlborough with Mount Vernon and Washington, in his oration on Washington, is the most splendid piece of prose in the English language—at least I have never found anything else so completely admirable."

To go from the sublime to the ridiculous, here is a question that will literally set many by the ears. Everett says that one night while dining in England, the British minister of agriculture declared that he could not remember whether a cow's ears were in front of or behind her horns. The first six persons—one of them was a milkmaid—whom I asked had no better memory than the agricultural chief. Few people notice anything.

The second big book is "The Public Life," in two stately volumes, written by one of the most accomplished and high-minded journalists in the world—J. A. Spender. This is a work for mature readers; but every one who votes should read it. The author describes the true inwardness of parliamentary government in England, pointing out its profound difference from representative government in the United States. His sketches of recent and present British statesmen are done with extraordinary skill; his comments on Conservatism, Liberalism, Socialism, War, International Morality, and many other burning questions show cool wisdom. The last chapter rises to an elevation of thought and language that reminds me of the solemn splendor of the closing words in Raleigh's "History of the World."

No one, no matter how well informed, can read this work without having his mental horizon extended.

The third and longest is the biography of Sir William Osler, by Doctor Harvey Cushing. When Cushing was an undergraduate, he was known for his excellence in playing baseball. To-day he is perhaps the first brain surgeon in the world, and how he found time to write this monumental work, so completely and minutely documented, will forever remain mysterious. It is a medical history of the nineteenth century, and, coming from such an authority as Doctor Cushing, it is of commanding importance. The reader follows Osler from birth to death, and discovers that, although the Regius professor at Oxford was at the top of his profession, he was even more remarkable as a human being. He lived abundantly. The power and wealth of his personality impressed even casual acquaintances; on patients and on colleagues he left an ineffaceable memory. I had the pleasure of meeting him on a visit he made to New Haven in 1913; his conversation at dinner was worthy of the best days of the eighteenth century, when table-talk was a fine art. Then he came to the Elizabethan Club, and read us an affectionate essay on Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." During this performance, we were clock-unconscious. Finally he modestly inquired how long he might talk, and I told him we could sit as long as he could stand.

If all journalists were like Spender, and all physicians like Osler, there would soon be need of neither. No one would require editorial persuasion and all the sick would be made whole.

A good book on religion and one that can be read through in half an hour is "Everlasting Life. A Creed and a Specu-

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lation," by William W. Keen, M.D. Doctor Keen is nearly ninety years old, is an active physician and surgeon, and his mind is described by his name.

Lincoln MacVeagh, the accomplished publisher, has just compiled and published an attractive volume, called "Poetry from the Bible." With the exception of three passages from the Gospel of Luke, all the selections are made from the Old Testament. Don't try to read any modern poetry until the next day.

In a previous issue, writing about the national game, I was careless enough to speak of a "bush league team" in Dubuque, Iowa. I shall never do so again, but I am glad I sinned, for it drew from the City of Mexico the following letter from our able American ambassador, James R. Sheffield:

> I quite agree with what you say of John M. Ward and Radbourn. But when you speak of a "bush league team" in Dubuque, Iowa, you are using your brilliant talents to injure the good name and fame of the greatest town in our Middle West—the one that has been big enough to outlive the fact that I was born there.
>
> You may praise Browning, hit Upton Sinclair, put the Mayor of Augusta in rôle of high priest of Morality, admire Amy Lowell for taking 1200 pages to tell about Keats with 50 additional pages for index, put in Dutch Carter to make us swallow all that Keats, add a well deserved tribute to Tinker and to Clarence Day, and speak of a lawyer as a "*professional* lawyer" (p. 547), very bad expression, and no one who knows you but would forgive it all. But when you speak slightingly of Dubuque, Iowa, you display qualities I fain would have you lose.
>
> I, too, will call you Doctor rather than Professor, not for the reasons your friend Mrs. Morse of Boston gave, but because you might excuse such ignorance of Dubuque in a man whose map is the human frame, but not in a Professor who is supposed to both read and travel.

Two young American poets who will bear watching are Hervey Allen, whose recent "Earth Moods" contains a high percentage of genuine poetry, and Archibald MacLeish, whose volume "The Pot of Earth" is tenuous in physique but weighty in cerebration. It is necessary to read the book through twice, but it is worth it.

When I was an editor of *The Yale Literary Magazine*, thirty-nine years ago, I wrote a review of a new volume of lyrics, called "Cap and Bells," by Samuel Minturn Peck. Last week was published a fresh volume of verse by the same author, who is enjoying life in Tuskaloosa, Ala. The melody, optimism, and faith that attracted me in the earlier work are characteristic of this. I wonder if J. M. Barrie is right in thinking that people never change?

Mr. Ernest Boyd remarks in *Harper's Magazine*, "The spectacle of a person of mature taste encountering Dickens for the first time would have about it an air of incongruity as unbecoming as the sight of a man of forty stuffing himself with cream-puffs." It certainly would, because no person of mature taste encounters Dickens for the first time. Persons of taste have had their taste matured by reading him. Men of forty of mature taste have in their childhood read Dickens with delight, in their middle age with enthusiasm, and in their later years will read him with wonder at the miracle of such stupendous genius.

Van Wyck Brooks has written an illuminating and penetrating work in literary criticism, called "The Pilgrimage of Henry James." To read this book, in combination with the prefaces that the novelist contributed to the New York edition of his works, is to get as near to the heart of the mystery as is perhaps possible.

To those who share my pleasure in reading tales of mystery and horror, let me recommend "Stolen Idols," written by that master specialist, E. Phillips Oppenheim. In this story he has surpassed himself, and what more do you want?

Mr. Roland Holt has produced a useful little book called "A List of Music for Plays and Pageants. With Practical Suggestions." Those who are interested in the presentation of open-air pageants by children will find this a valuable guide.

An admirable work of criticism on short stories and their authors is by Alfred C. Ward, called "Aspects of the Modern Short Story, English and American." The brief essays are lively and pungent, and the work is embellished with twenty-two

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portraits. I think here is the only picture of Ambrose Bierce that I have seen. Mr. Ward's qualifications as a critic are proved by his first sentence. "The greatest creator of short stories in world-literature was the greatest figure in world-history—Jesus of Nazareth."

I am pleased to see that there has recently been published an "Anthology of American Mystical Verse," by Irene Hunter, with a preface by Zona Gale, who writes: "Miss Hunter died on her birthday anniversary, July 1, 1924, on the day on which the letter was dated accepting for publication her collection." For most of the two years preceding her death Miss Hunter was confined to her bed by illness; her windows were open toward the mountains of California. Looking toward the glory of this world and the mystery of the next, she selected these poems from authors in both places. Every person who thinks he has a soul should own a copy of this book.

I am sorry I questioned the religious faith of Dean Inge. Mrs. Gertrude W. Page, of Los Angeles, has sent me a copy of the dean's little book "Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion." I take back what I said in the April issue against Doctor Inge. I had not then seen this book, but I have now.

Miss Betsy Ireland Shoup, of Louisville, nominates for the Ignoble Prize the Sistine Madonna and "Silas Marner." She confesses she has never seen the original painting, which I think explains her dislike of it. As for "Silas," I wonder if it was part of her enforced school-reading? It is not even a paradox that what we are taught we often hate. She is a woman of good taste, for she loves cats.

Mrs. Elizabath Case, of Hartford, nominates "all numbered and lettered streets," thinking that every street and avenue should have the dignity of a name. The post-office at New York must have difficulty in deciphering addresses. I observed a statement in the newspapers yesterday that ought to please Mrs. Case. As every one knows, railway employees do not call trains by their names, "The Twentieth Century Limited," but by their number. Now the Pennsylvania Railroad has recently decided to *name* even their freight trains, believing that in this manner the crews will take more interest. This is another instance of the right kind of Soloism.

Doctor J. D. Logan, Associate Dominion Archivist, writes me from Halifax that he is the first to use the word "vidience" in motion-picture criticism in Canada. In an article in *The Evening Mail* he shows that although *vidience* is formed on a bad analogy (audience), and strictly should be spelled *vidence*, it is better to use the form vidience. There are indeed plenty of bad English spellings that come from false analogies. Our word *tongue* ought to be philologically spelled *tung*, but it followed falsely after *langue*. I heartily welcome so good a scholar as Doctor Logan into the circle of those who have adopted the word vidience.

Mrs. Elizabeth Zeilitz Shapleigh, of Williamsville, N. Y., writes:

> You will be interested in another aspect of the word *si*. In Swedish we have two words—*ja*, which corresponds to *oui*, and *jo*, which corresponds to *si*. Well, in Stockholm the populace have taken to using the *jo* form, only doubled *jo jo*—which is indescribably odd to a Swede not of the younger Stockholm generation. We have another form that English needs, a common gender reflexive—"Each child must learn *his* lesson" —but half of them are girls! In Swedish we use *sig, sin, sitt, sina,* which are absolutely without gender implications and very convenient. . . . A feminist friend also points out that English has no word for human being, of purely English origin. She referred to the German *Mensch* for comparison.

Commenting upon my remark that Clyde Fitch was unable to control his characters, the Reverend R. F. Dixon, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, sends me the following pat quotation from Thackeray's "De Finibus":

> I wonder do other novel writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seemed as if an Occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams, the vast dramatic power that is sometimes evinced.

Thomas Sergeant Perry writes that if I will say nothing about it, he is eligible

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to membership in the Faerie Queene Club. *Mettons que je n'aie rien dit.*

Mrs. Martha Summerhayes, the author of "Vanished Arizona," is now living in Nantucket, and I fervently hope that her book may soon be reprinted, as at present it resembles the territory it describes.

The Reverend Alfred J. Barnard, of Elgin, Ill., has been talking with some English ladies, and

> They could not quite agree with your selection of the four best songsters of English life and literature. They felt that the thrush came before the cuckoo. His song is sweeter; and the cuckoo's reputation militates against his musical ability. He is the laziest bird of all English birds; he will not build his own nest; he eats other birds' eggs; and he clears his throat and keeps it in condition by the juices of such a diet. They held too that the literature of the land gave a far more important place to the thrush than to the cuckoo.

But surely the character of the cuckoo has nothing to do with the excellence of his singing. Not every operatic tenor is a pattern of the domestic virtues.

Sometimes, though, a great prima donna is as fine in character as in voice. Emma Eames is not the only one who reads the Bible. Talking with Louise Homer recently, I was pleased to discover that she is an ardent student of Holy Writ. The Bible is a good foundation for success in any art.

That President Angell of Yale is familiar with the Bible is indicated by the fact that when I was golfing with him and two others, and we all drove into the water, and I remarked, "The waters of the pool are troubled," he immediately replied, "and an angel has just troubled them."

Charles S. Parker, of Arlington, Mass., who became editor and proprietor of a newspaper sixty-five years ago, and who has been in the same profession ever since (except during his service in the American Civil War), was pleased to find in SCRIBNER'S my quotation from Chapman: "Young men think old men are fools, but old men know young men are fools." It seems that at the age of sixteen, in a "lyceum" meeting, he scored off an old fellow of seventy, whereupon the veteran turned on him with the above remark. "From that time until a few days ago I have thought of myself as squelched with an original punch, which goes to show how much remains to be picked up even by the most omnivorous reader."

As so many modern biographical critics prefer the spice of fiction to the sincere milk of the word, here is a contribution to English literature made by a college student in New Hampshire: "The sadness in Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale' was caused by the fact that he was living with his wife and three children next door to a girl of seventeen with whom he was desperately in love."

My nomination of Episcopal hymnbooks for the Ignoble Prize has stirred up so many Episcopalians that I rejoice to see their pride in the church. Miss Ruth Dimmick, of Newark, Mrs. Hugh W. Ogden, of Brookline, Mrs. J. P. Smyth of Bellport, Miss Eleanor Hunneman, of Brookline, and many others inform me that the vast majority of Episcopal churches use a hymnal with tunes. I am glad I was in error; but why do I always visit the wrong church?

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Mahan, and their son Dulany, are going to erect a monument to Mark Twain in Hannibal, Mo. On a suitable pedestal will stand in bronze the two boys, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. The monument is designed by Frederick C. Hibbard, and the Hannibal *Courier-Post* of May 27 gives a large picture of it, which reveals a work of art of such beauty that some day I hope to see the original. The paper says that this monument is "believed to be the first of its kind to be erected to a literary character in the history of the United States."

Prohibition is still the favorite subject of conversation. I cannot get excited over the fact that I am unable to get a drink or that I am apparently the only one so estopped.

How the world would improve if legislative bodies would emphasize the second half of the word governmental!

When D. H. Lawrence reads a French book, the sight of the feminine form of the adjective inflames him.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

AMONG the anecdotes relating to Ingres which have come down to us there is one illustrating the attitude that he held toward his demigod Raphael. He sat at dinner with his friend Thiers, and the latter undertook to demonstrate that the fame of the Italian master rested chiefly upon his Madonnas. Ingres was furious. "I would give them all," he exclaimed; "yes, monsieur, all of them for a fragment of the 'Disputa' or of the 'School of Athens' or of the 'Parnassus.'" The episode is symbolical of a conflict which has long persisted in the modern world of taste. If the "Sistine Madonna" is the most famous painting in the world, it is because it embodies the most universally appealing of all pictorial ideas of the mother of Christ. It seems conclusively to exalt Raphael as an interpreter of sentiment both human and divine. But that very painting points to the equally potent element in his genius which accounts for the enthusiasm of Ingres; the "Sistine Madonna" is nothing if not a masterpiece of design. It reveals the same transcendent power of composition which makes immortal the decorations in the Vatican. Nevertheless the conflict aforementioned will still go on. Laymen will think first of the "Madonnas." Artists return to the mural paintings. In the meantime, of course, Raphael's art remains all of a piece, and true appreciation of it depends upon our realization of the unity binding together its different aspects. He was one of the most versatile men who have ever lived. The important thing is to follow him sympathetically into every field, and then to seize upon the central force which animated him in them all.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE American student has had the opportunity to study here one of Raphael's important religious subjects ever since Pierpont Morgan placed the Colonna "Virgin and Child Enthroned with Saints" in the Metropolitan Museum. Now there seems to be every likelihood that we shall have in this country a monument to a very different phase of the master's activity. Only a few months ago there was a tremendous to-do in the press over the purchase by the Duveens of a great portrait by Raphael. It belonged to a collector in Berlin, Mr. Oscar Huldschinsky. His sale of it grievously excited the Germans, who looked upon it as one of the national treasures, and its exportation, if that had been heard of in time, might possibly have been prevented. However, it got to London and about this time it may be expected to arrive here. Once in this country it is almost certain to be acquired by an American collector, and though it would then pass to a private gallery, precedent justifies the supposition that sooner or later one of our museums will possess it. It would be a little more than welcome, for it would serve to enlighten the student where most he needs enlightenment as regards Raphael, that is, on his purely human side, on that side which brings him down from the clouds and makes the Prince of Painters one of the raciest figures of the Renaissance. The Raphael of legend is a portent, a worker of miracles, who in a brief life of thirty-seven years achieved a mass of work—most of it flawless—large enough to have occupied several giants of art through a period three times as long. But he was a man like other men, save for his genius, and his work is to be apprehended in very human terms. That is where his portraiture helps.

This example of it is a portrait of Giuliano de Medici to which Vasari refers as one hanging in his time in the palace of Ottaviano de Medici at Florence. From that home it disappeared for centuries, nothing being known of it save a copy by Alessandro Allori in the Uffizi. Then, some time in 1866 or 1867, the German critic Liphart went one day with the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia to the house of a Signor Brini in Florence, to

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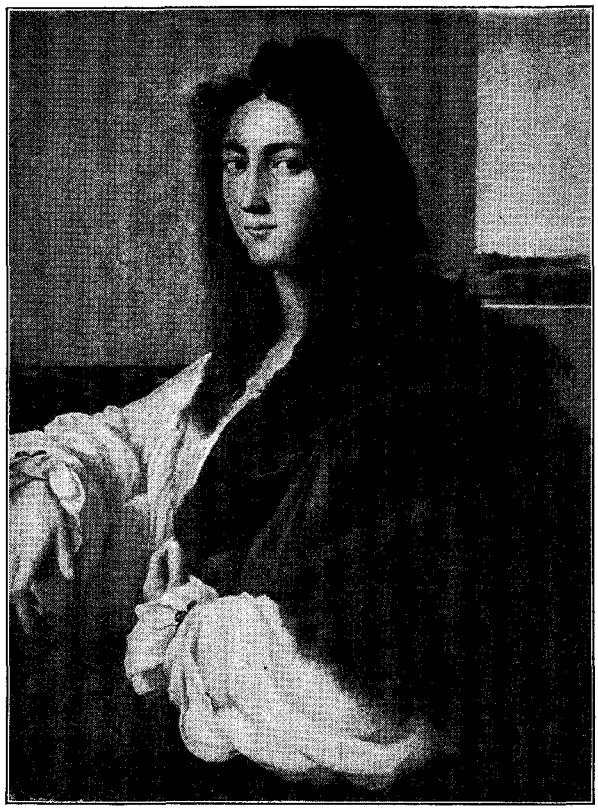
look at some paintings that he had to sell. They were struck by this portrait of Giuliano, and after the dust upon it had been sponged off, were only the more impressed. Brini apparently did not regard it as of exceptional importance. He could not have paid very much for it when he had got it from the firm of Baldovinetti, for he sold it to the Duchess at what Liphart characterizes as a very modest price. She took it to her villa at Quarto, and she brought in the restorer Tricca, who transferred the canvas, and in the process of cleaning it discovered the initials of the painter and the fragments of a date. In 1901 the Duchess sent the portrait to Paris, where Eugene Muntz, one of the biographers of Raphael, pronounced it the lost portrait of Giuliano de Medici, Duke of Nemours. Later Doctor Bode confirmed this opinion. We next hear of it as belonging to the Sedelmeyers in Paris, and then in the gallery of Mr. Huldschinsky.



Raphael.

From the portrait by Sebastiano del Piombo in the Czartoryski Collection at Cracow.

♣ ♣ ♣

GIULIANO, the younger brother of Leo X, was lucky in his artists. Michael-Angelo made his stupendous monument in the Sacristy at San Lorenzo, and Raphael painted this portrait. I must quote most of what Crowe and Cavalcaselle have to say about it, for it revives something of the atmosphere in which it was produced, besides throwing some light upon the subject of the painting:

> Giuliano de Medici was the highest personage in the Papal State for whom Raphael could paint a likeness. All the arts of Leo X had been exerted to raise this prince to a station worthy of his birth and pretensions. He was Duke of Nemours in the peerage of France; the Pope had given him a principality, Louis XII a wife of royal lineage. The marriage took place early in February, 1515, and Giuliano returned to Rome to form a court over which his wife presided. Within less than five months after these events occurred, the French Duke was commanding the papal forces against France. Illness alone prevented him from leading the troops in person, and a fatal decline soon deprived him of his life. But before leaving Rome, Giuliano had apparently had the wish to leave a portrait behind him which should adorn his wife's drawing-room. Raphael, as the Duke's "familiar," was selected to paint it. . . .

Giuliano's repute is good amongst the princes of the Medicean house. He is said to have been weak. But he had a quality which other members of his family wanted. He was grateful to those who had favored him in adversity. His features, handed down to us in several examples, are of the genuine Medicean type, including a long hooked nose, almond-shaped eyes, and a beard and mustache kept short to suit a small chin and upper lip. Great breadth and flatness marked the plane of the cheeks, which, in every extant specimen, are seen at three-quarters to the left, with an oval black eye-ball looking to the right. According to the fashion of the period, a coif of golden net drawn obliquely over the head to the level of the left ear, and a wide toque set aslant over the right ear, leave the whole of the forehead bare. A ticket of lozenge-shape and three gold buckles are affixed to the toque. The

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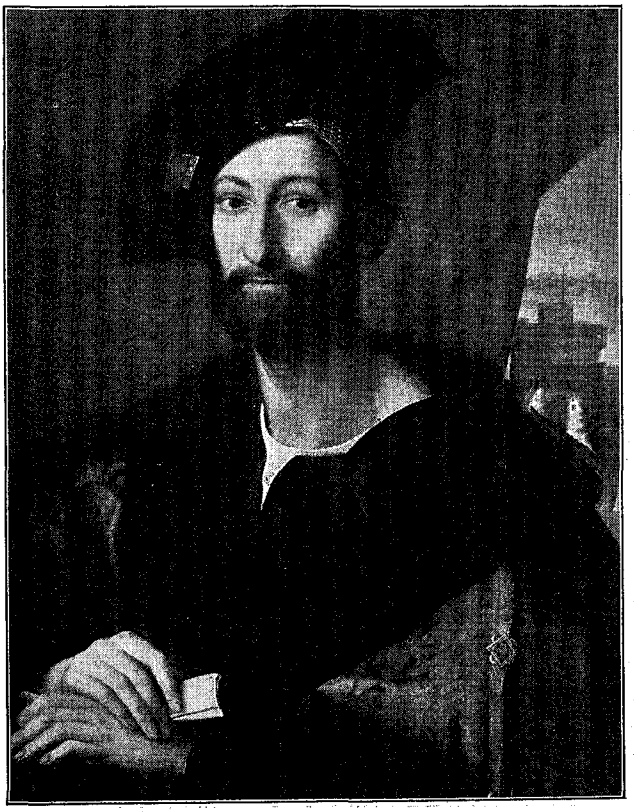
low dress displays a long neck fringed with the border of a white shirt covered by a red vest, all but hidden by a black doublet over which a fawn-colored watered silk pelisse is thrown, adorned with a collar and facings of brown fur. A black patch conceals the forefinger of the left hand, which lies on a table partly hidden by the right,



Giuliano de Medici, Duke of Nemours.
From the portrait by Raphael belonging to the Duveens.

holding a letter. . . . A green hanging half conceals an opening through which the sky appears cut out by the broken outline of the Castle of St. Angelo, to which the secret approach is shown by a covered way.

There is a significant phrase employed in the foregoing passage, the one designating Raphael as the duke's "familiar." It recalls us to the splendor of the painter's life, his intimacy with popes and all their gorgeous satellites. His biographers glance at the notabilities who were his sitters, not only the princes of the church but statesmen, diplomatists, and poets. He would portray not only such men as Julius and Leo, but a lettered courtier like Castiglione. His net embraced all manner of men. He had but one prejudice as regards a sitter. As Muntz remarks, "the artist was unwilling to transmit to posterity the features of any but those who were worthy of sympathy or admiration." I am strongly tempted to pause upon this matter of Raphael's discrimination, and especially to pursue him as a denizen of the highest circles in Roman society. But it is well to diverge here upon the foundations of his work in portraiture. It is well to go back to his pupilage, to those early years in which he felt the influences of Timoteo Viti and Perugino. He has left portraits of both painters, a superb drawing of Viti in the British Museum, and a similarly moving head and shoulders of Perugino in the Borghese gallery at Rome. The first is particularly to be admired just for its broad, sweeping draftsmanship, but the thing that still further touches the imagination in both portraits is their intense realism. Raphael's portraits, indeed, from the very beginning, completely expose the fallacy of regarding him as even tinctured by that unreality which we associate with so-called "academic" art. I recall an odd conversation about these portraits with a very capable artist. They were, no doubt, very fine, he said, but it was a great pity that Raphael "didn't know how to paint." Seeing me rather stunned by this cryptic remark, he hastened to add that, of course, what he meant was that Raphael was neither a Rembrandt nor a Manet, that the Italian didn't know anything about brush-work. I have to smile a little when I remember that and think of the sheer technical *maestria* in the portraits I have just mentioned, the linear breadth in the "Viti" and the nervous flowing brush-

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Timoteo Viti.

From the drawing by Raphael in the British Museum.

work in the "Perugino." The truth is that Raphael is only superficially an artist of an academic cast. Essentially he was as keen a realist as any in the history of art.

LOOK only to that question of school currents, of formative influences, of which the exhaustive historian is bound to make so much, and you get to thinking of Raphael as dabbling in more or less abstract principles all his life long. Trace him from his labors in Umbria under Perugino and Pintoricchio, watch him as he is stirred by the magic of Leonardo, observe him shrewdly taking a leaf from the book of Fra Bartolomeo, and study above all the impetus he draws from contact with the manner of Michael-Angelo. You forthwith call him an eclectic, which

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is a freezing enough label to affix to any man, and you wonder how through all those mutations he had anything to do with life. He had everything to do with it, as the portraits in particular clearly show. They testify to nothing so much as to the master's grasp upon the deep sources of vitality, the thrilling actuality with which he could endue his every stroke. There is an apposite passage in a letter of Bembo's to Bibbiena. "Raphael," he says, "has painted a portrait of our Tebaldeo, which is so natural that it seems more like him than he is himself." His contemporaries put his realism among the first of his merits. Vasari, paying a tribute akin to that of Bembo, writes these words, in the course of his comments on the decorations in the Vatican: "And at this time, when he had gained a very great name, he also made a portrait of Pope Julius in a picture in oils, so true and so lifelike that the portrait caused all who saw it to tremble, as if it had been the living man himself." In this matter of embodying a formidable personality in a portrait I know of nothing more impressive, not even the great Innocent X of Velasquez. There must have been something in portraiture which poignantly appealed to Raphael, for even when he was dealing with personages long dead and gone he had a way of lending to his images of them an extraordinary veri-

Perugino.

From the portrait by Raphael in the Borghese Gallery at Rome.

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Maddalena Doni.
From the portrait by Raphael in the Pitti.

Cardinal Bibbiena.
From the portrait by Raphael in the Prado.

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similitude. When he painted the Vatican decorations he had to deal with numerous historical figures, with Sappho and Plato, with Virgil and Pindar, with Ptolemy. The task never gave him a moment's hesitation. He painted them with a vividness that makes them seem almost his contemporaries. Speaking of the "Parnassus," Vasari says: "There are portraits from nature of all the most famous poets, ancient and modern, and some only just dead or still living in his day; which were taken from statues or medals, and many from old pictures, and some who were still alive, portrayed from the life by himself." It is like Vasari to speak of them all as "portraits from nature," for no matter what he used, whether a document or the living model, Raphael made a living and breathing presentment of his subject. When he had the model before him he was merely incomparable, as witness the portrait of Bramante introduced into the foreground of "The School of Athens." As you may see from the sheet of drawings in the Louvre, when he came to study the lineaments of his architectural friend he got such a grip upon them that they seem fairly to vibrate with character. Over and over again Vasari returns to this motive. He loves to speak of the power that Raphael had "to give such resemblance to portraits that they seem to be alive, and that it is known whom they represent." I confess that I find it hard not to emulate Vasari, lingering repeatedly on the simple truth, the almost artless animation in Raphael's portraits. One point that is pertinent I cannot neglect. It is the triumph of this truth over the purely decorative motive pursued as an end in itself. It is especially noticeable in his portraits of women, such as the "Maddalena Doni," the "Donna Velata," and the "Joanna of Aragon." They have a freedom and a solidity making them strangely predominant over the typical Florentine profile, consummately exquisite though that may be.

Baldassare Castiglione.
From the portrait by Raphael in the Louvre.

HIS genius was too great to wear the shackles of a convention, to be confined within the linear bounds of a pattern. But I indicated at the outset of these remarks that Raphael's genius was all of a piece, that one pervasive inspiration went to the painting of the "Madonnas," the decorations, and the portraits. To return to that issue is to enforce the unity of Raphael's art by exposing its corner-stone where the portraits are concerned. He couldn't have sus-

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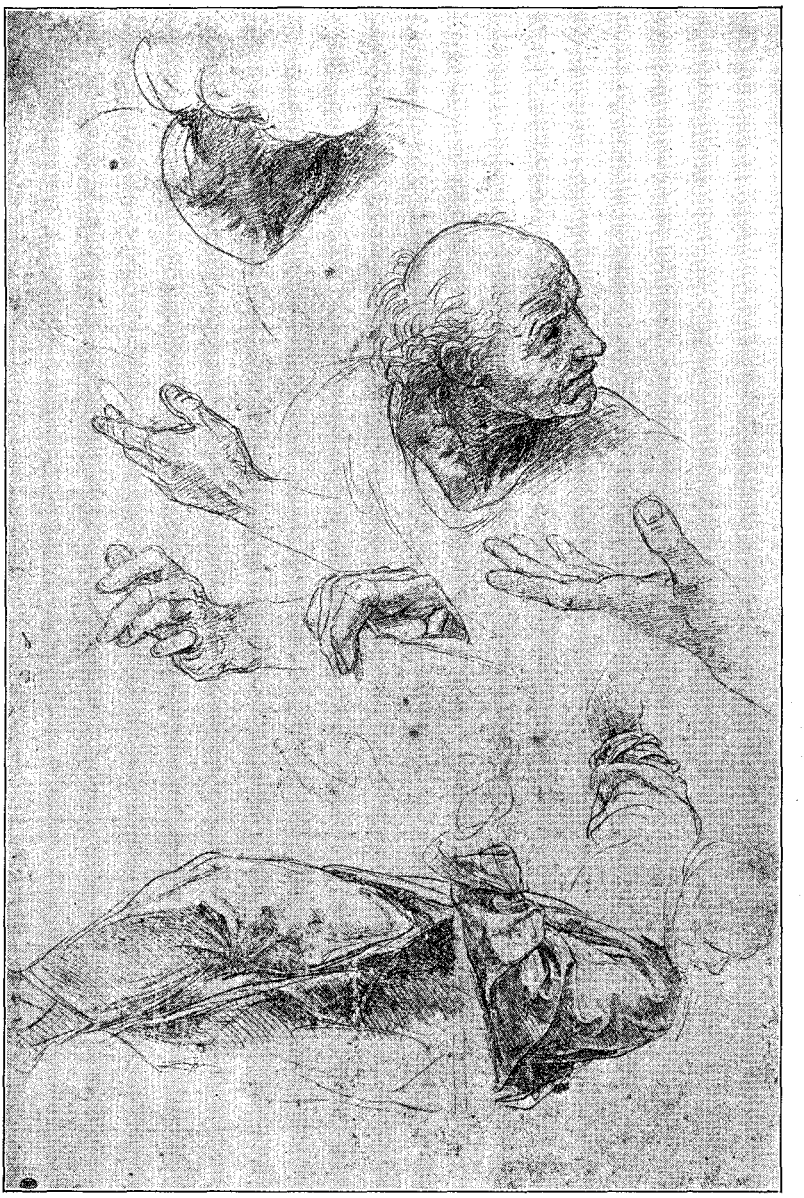

Studies for the portrait of Bramante.
From the drawing by Raphael in the Louvre.

tained in them that virtue of lifelikeness on which I have dwelt if he had not known how to build for it a perfect scaffolding of design. That is where the painter of three great types of pictorial art affirmed himself a master of one great secret. It is the secret of composition. Raphael had it in its simplest form when he made his early four-square portrait of Perugino. Rapidly he developed it and richly exploited it, achieving, as he placed a figure within the rectangle, the same freshness and felicity which you observe in such a decorative gem of his as the "Jurisprudence." Look at the "Angelo Doni," look at the "Cardinal Bibbiena,"

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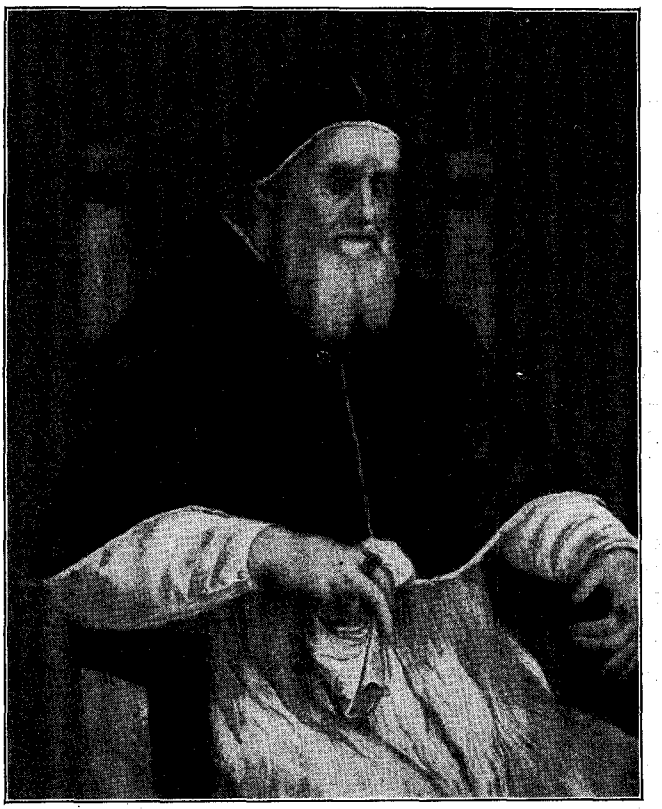
look at the "Baldassare Castiglione," and look finally at the "Giuliano de Medici." If they throb with human life, their beauty springs also from the supreme composition that is in them. Raphael could meet, through his grasp upon that art, the last test of the portrait-painter. He could make of a portrait a really great picture. The point is appreciated by Vasari when he comes to describe the famous "Leo X with Two Cardinals," now in the Pitti:



Pope Julius II.
From the portrait by Raphael in the Pitti.

> In Rome he made a picture of good size, in which he portrayed Pope Leo Cardinal Giulio de Medici and Cardinal de Rossi. In this the figures appear to be not painted but in full relief; there is the pile of the velvet, with the damask of the Pope's vestments shining and rustling, the fur of the linings soft and natural, and the gold and silk so counterfeited that they do not seem to be in color, but real gold and silk. There is an illuminated book of parchment which appears more real than the reality; and a little bell of wrought silver which is more beautiful than words can tell. Among other things, also, is a ball of burnished gold on the Pope's chair, wherein are reflected, as if it were a mirror (such is its brightness) the light from the windows, the shoulders of the Pope, and the walls round the room. And all these things are executed with such diligence that one may believe without any manner of doubt that no master is able, or is ever likely to be able, to do better.

Was any other master ever able to do better? Muntz seems to have been a little in doubt. "Nor can we place before him," he says, "any but the greatest masters of portraiture, such as Jan van Eyck, Holbein, Titian, Velasquez, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt." For my own part, I cannot see why any of these save Rembrandt should be placed "before" Raphael in portraiture. The Dutchman, to be sure, is *hors concours*. No one in the whole range of portraiture can touch him for pathos, for the dramatic, even tragic presentation of character. But for the rest, Raphael's portraits seem to me to stand among the greatest. They do so by virtue of force in characterization, distinction in design, and, above all, a certain serene beauty.

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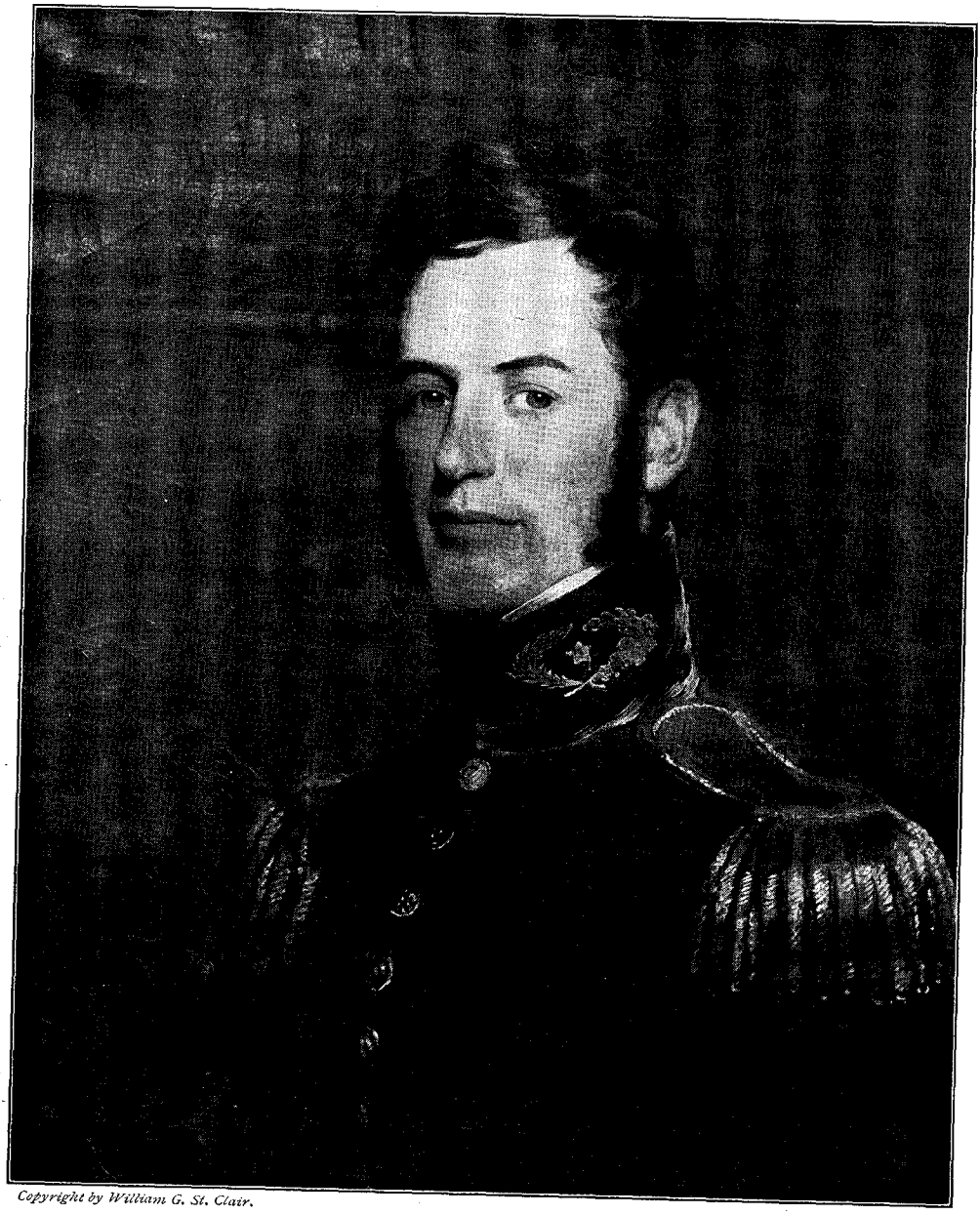

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LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. LEE, U. S. A.

From a painting made at the time of his marriage to Miss Mary Custis in 1831.

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